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A GENERATION TO SAVE

If this generation of children is to be saved they must be taught to live by the teachings of Jesus Christ. There can be no real peace anywhere on this earth unless we put into living practice the Christianity we know but too often fail to practice. The children of today will be tomorrow's men of war unless the hate now in their hearts changes through understanding and tolerance into love for all men. The only hate they must know is hate for conditions that cause wars.

The children around the flag in our picture are the children of all nations who as men and women, will know no other country as their home but the United States of America.

There are sections in New York City where nothing but a foreign tongue is spoken. Little Italy is a world in itself. To walk its streets on a day of festival is to be in another land.

Chinatown in New York City draws visitors from every part of our land when they come to New York for here is a bit of China where one may eat real Chinese food and buy things oriental.

There is Yorkville where before the war Bavarian Villages thrived. There are sections of the town solely populated by Russians, by Filipinos, by the Irish and each section is a world in itself where the native New Yorker is a stranger and out of place.

In the city's slums there are children of all nations, still clannish and filled with hatred against the children of enemy nationalities.

One of Mont Lawn's important jobs will be to give these children a better understanding of each other, to try to remove this hatred. Mont Lawn's Chapel will play an important part, its student preacher will have an important contact with a problem that will give him an experience of tremendous value in his life's work.

Mont Lawn has a bigger job to do than ever before. We and the children of the poor need you more than ever. The sick and crippled need everything that Mont Lawn has to give



them; a vacation from their poverty and the heat and dirt of the slum streets can mean life to them.

MONT LAWN is the chance you can give the children of the poor—the opportunity to see and take part in a better way of living. At Mont Lawn they will learn the difference between

clean and careless living, they will learn to understand each other, to love instead of hate; they will know the love and care of Christian men and women.

Down through the years men and women who had once been guests of Mont Lawn have returned to tell us of its good influence in their lives.

HOW MANY DAYS OF DECENT LIVING WILL YOU BUY?

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I want to help you invite children to come to you at Mont Lawn. We know and have faith in the things you do for them.

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\$5 pays for 7 days
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The Americas



By Grace Noll Crowell

Running like music down long leagues of coast,
The Americas stretch far beneath the sky,
With freedom the watchword that they value most;
With peace their song, their lifted battle cry.
The bright canal, a link that binds the land;
With neighborliness—a warm perpetual glow—
Merged closer now than ever before, they stand
Against aggression of a common foe.

"**T**he Americas!" the words are like a shout
Of victory where high flags are unfurled;
They are like faith that shines beyond all doubt;
They are like mercy in a troubled world.
The Americas—O men, upon your knees,
Pray God that you may bravely fight for these!

"...whom the truth makes

The search for Truth, in a democracy, is a search for freedom . . . freedom from misconception and misunderstanding.

Hence, when an American ambassador, returning from Soviet Russia, wrote a report of his findings for all Americans to read, we at Warner Bros. undertook to make that report into a motion picture.

The result is "MISSION TO MOSCOW".

* * *

What makes "MISSION TO MOSCOW" so significantly great?

Not merely that it is based on a great living document

by a great American, the former U.S. Ambassador Joseph E. Davies.

Not merely that it is brilliantly cast, acted, directed and photographed.

Not merely that it is an exciting and stimulating adventure in entertainment.

All that, of course . . . and this:

It opens up new avenues on the search for truth and understanding.

"MISSION TO MOSCOW" is a picture to see.

It is a picture that will live in your memory . . . a picture that will be discussed for months and years to come.

"He is a free man whom the truth makes free".

WARNER BROS.
JACK L. WARNER, Executive Producer

The Former U. S. AMBASSADOR JOSEPH E. DAVIES
"MISSION TO MOSCOW"
starring WALTER HUSTON • ANN HARDING with
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Screen Play by Howard Koch • From the Book by
Joseph E. Davies • Music by Max Steiner

JULY, 1943

Editor in Chief DANIEL A. POLING
Editor FRANK S. MEAD

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OUR PLATFORM Christian Herald, a family magazine for members of all denominations has this as its permanent platform: To conserve, interpret, and extend the vital elements of Evangelical Christian Faith. To support World Peace: that it may be world-wide and lasting; Church Unity: that it may be increasingly a reality; Temperance: that through education it may become universal and that the liquor problem may be solved. To carry forward a practical ministry to those in need. To champion those forces . . . wherever they appear . . . that bid fair to aid in the effort to make a Christ-like world.



DOCTOR POLING

Answers

ORGANIZER AND LEADER OF THE NATIONAL YOUTH RADIO CONFERENCE

Question:

Would you believe in immortality even though the career of Jesus had ended on the Cross?

Answer:

Yes. But in something altogether different than the Christian's hope and spiritual experience. That difference is comprehended in the words, "Because I live, ye shall live also" and "Whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

Question:

My social life is so unsatisfactory to me that I feel I must do something about it. All my friends are moving away—either getting married or going to work in other cities. They say that old friends are the best, but what shall I do, having neither old nor new?

Answer:

It takes more than physical removal to lose a friend. Some of our choicest experiences may come through letters and occasional visits. In friendship, distance may lend enchantment to the view. With this spirit, we may make new friends. I am sure that the list of possibles is not exhausted. In church, school, everyday work and home relationships, there are those we may win as friends by being friendly.

Question:

Is England as much to blame for the situation in India as we are led to believe? Did the Cripps Mission accomplish anything? What about those antagonistic groups?

Answer:

Whatever the particulars, the Indian problem must be solved. Granting all the defects, freedom and democracy cannot consent to failure in India. Measurably at least the whole eastern situation rests upon India. The heart of the confusion is in bitter differences between

Moslems and Hindus. On the one hand is Gandhi, on the other, his Indian opposition. The Moslems, being a minority group, but numbering more than 80 million, refuse to cooperate in any government in which the integrity of their position as a minority is not protected. The Cripps Mission promised much; Cripps himself was regarded by India as her truest friend in the United Kingdom. When Cripps failed—for the moment at least—no other British leader could hope for success.

Intensifying the situation was the attitude of the Warrior Caste of the Hindus. The Sikhs charged that the Cripps formula broke faith with them. With all its faults, British administration in India, compared with what would issue from Japanese conquerors, is Christian.

The immediate struggle is between Indian factions rather than against the British. If India would be reconciled to any formula the problem could be solved. For the British, with the invaders at the gate, to remove soldiers and civil servants would be tragedy for the whole world, India included.

Question:

A prominent minister and author has written, "On public vehicles where there is segregation, let white Christians share that segregation. If an attempt is made to put them (the white Christians) out let them take it in a disciplined but unyielding way and not go unless forcibly compelled to." Do you think the civil disobedience indicated is justifiable? Would it help my fellow Negro Christians to feel more kindly to me?

Answer:

I think the advice given is bad advice and that here is a typical example of loose talk that injures rather than helps a worthy cause.

Question:

I am a Protestant, but I have become

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BUSINESS AND EDITORIAL OFFICES, 419 FOURTH AVE., NEW YORK

very much interested in a charitable organization of a different faith. I have been contributing to this agency because I feel that I should not think only of my own church. Do you think I am being Christian in supporting this program?

Answer:

I certainly think that the person asking this question is doing a Christian act in supporting this program, even though it is an activity of another church than her own. I, of course, feel—profoundly feel—that our Protestant agencies are so poorly supported in these stern and trying days that we should give them first attention, knowing always that our Roman Catholic brethren do not fail to give their own agencies first attention. Indeed, it is seldom if ever that our Protestant agencies or charities receive Catholic support. But this questioner is wise and truly Christian in following her heart, in doing what she believes Jesus Christ would have her do.

Question:

While condemning others who are slowing down our national defense, what would you say about blocs in Congress that seek to secure an advantage for this group or that, at the expense of all of us? Is not the recent demonstration of certain senators who profess to be friends of the farmer thoroughly reprehensible?

Answer:

It is interesting to note that some of the most trusted farm leaders and others representing the farmer have denounced such a bloc. Also there is a bill before the House which would make illegal the attaching of special bloc appropriations to regular or emergency appropriation bills or that would give the President the authority to veto these riders. Any group that puts politics first should be unspuriously condemned and defeated.

Question:

Do you favor the installation of ping-pong tables, checkers and other such games in churches?

Answer:

I think that it is particularly timely that this is being done. I know that this practice has been a blessing in hundreds of communities. The installation is of course not in the sanctuary.

Question:

We are being rationed on nearly everything but liquor. What do you think of this?

Answer:

I think that it is wrong, all wrong. The American people are ready to accept rationing and any other recognized sacrifices, to enthusiastically and sacrificially accept them, but we should begin with intoxicating drinks—and nowhere else.

WONDER WHAT A CHAPLAIN THINKS ABOUT



"It was good to see Joe again . . . fine boy. Got it bad in the leg, but he'll be all right in a couple of months. Joe's changed his mind . . . wants a Bible now. Glad I had a chance to talk to Col. Armstrong about Lloyd Shipman . . . he certainly has a decoration coming for the way he held that post the other night."

"Three-thirty now . . . promised the B Company boys we'd get together at five. Said they'd have a surprise for me. I'll bet Hanson's been rehearsing his quartet. Wonder if he's found a baritone to take Nick Stathopoulos' place. Oh, and I've got to write that letter to Nick's wife. Have to do it tonight for sure . . . after I see the fellows in the hospital."

★ ★ ★

It's a big job the chaplain has—looking after our sons wherever they are from training camp to battlefield . . . serving their spiritual needs . . . acting as counselor, teacher and friend. A big job, yes, but these men are equipped for it—carefully selected and intensively trained for their countless duties.

You hear about fighting men going to church who never used to go at all.

It's true. They like the warm, friendly way the chaplain talks . . . the way his message always leaves them feeling stronger and surer of themselves.

In conducting religious services, chaplains often can have real organ music. More than a thousand Hammond Organs—the last we made before converting to war work—are doing duty in training centers and on warships at sea.

HAMMOND ORGAN



There will be Hammond Organs again after victory, made by the world's largest manufacturers of organs for churches, residences, schools, chapels and many other uses. You can plan now for the future purchase of a Hammond Organ for your church, home or other purpose. Ask your dealer or write for information to: Hammond Instrument Company, 2911 N. Western Ave., Chicago.

Free—the Hammond Times, monthly magazine about organs and organists, will be sent on request.

OUR HOUSE



By Henry Albert Phillips

N THIS House I and my fathers were born, and their fathers before them. Here have we lived all our lives and prospered; tasted all the good things and known all the fine things of life.

Here we sat as usual of a wintry Sunday afternoon, at the cozy hearth of the old House; complacently, contentedly, dozing dreamily, and luxuriating in all the blessings we had inherited and enjoyed within our House. Our House was just an old story, long since taken for granted.

We weren't too much perturbed over the rumors of a devastating storm that was approaching. Our House could well take care of itself for a long, long time to come, just as it always had. For months, warnings had filled the air: double-lock the doors against miscreants! Disinfect against vermin and termites! Repair the sagging roof against rainy days ahead! Reinforce the walls in defense! In defense of what? Against whom?

No, no. There was nothing to worry over, nothing to be concerned about, in our House. We were perfectly satisfied, content and self-contained. Our ancestors had left us this House and God had given us everything to put in it. We were The Children of Providence!

Then the storm fell suddenly upon our House, with a violence that made the whole earth tremble and shook our refuge to its foundations. Lightning revealed the heavens filled with darting ships of death. The rain was bombs and shells. It thundered, "War! War!"

It was the first shadow that had fallen across our threshold for a generation. Our self-satisfaction was wounded. Our serenity was hurt. Our complacency was bruised. We grumbled. We croaked. In that raging moment of selfish frustration we blamed everything and everyone but ourselves. "Just as we were reaching the peak of our prosperity!" we cried bitterly. And a voice from somewhere within ourselves challenged. "But what about this House? Something must be done!"

In that solemn hour, the time had come to give our House sober thought and consideration long overdue. What were

those momentous details that must now be recalled?

With troubled conscience we got out the dusty legacy. There was no flaw in the title. In effect it said, "This House shall belong to you, your heirs and assigns, forever and ever. Amen." There was but a single codicil, which we had disremembered: "As you take, so must you give. With this House you have inherited the faith of your fathers, whose blood flows through your veins and whose spirit breathes through your nostrils. That faith you must keep, always."

This was no common last will and testament bequeathing mere real estate that could be bandied and bartered, bought and sold. Our House was a precious heritage: ours to have, to hold and to enjoy, as long as we should live, thereafter to pass on to our children.

As though our eyes were opened for the first time in this House we gazed about. We had never noticed how many windows there were in our House. With pride, we surveyed our property from every angle. Every prospect was pleasing. A sweet land of liberty. We could sing!

We wondered how we could have so long failed to appreciate what we owed our estate. How each blooming spring we went forth to the planting, filled with high hope. How throughout each lush summer we cultivated the crops and culled the weeds. How in brown October we joined hands to gather the harvest and reap the rewards of our industry, and then gave Thanksgiving. How in the winter, when the days were short and the nights were long, outdoors gave us the cold shoulder and drove us into the ever-welcome arms of this our hearth and home.

All this had been handed to us without our lifting a finger, in a golden legacy like manna from heaven.

But our estate was not always this parklike ancestral manor; we can see it all clearly now. It has quite outgrown that rugged wilderness found in a savage New World by our Pilgrim Fathers. Man-made and handmade, everything we can see. Hewn from the wilderness by

the sweat and the blood, the toil and the sacrifice of our stalwart ancestors. These tilled fields and green pastures were once strewn with stones and overgrown with brushwood. These teeming valleys were once hopeless bogs and poisonous swamps. Our well-groomed hills were choked by tangled forests. Forests that had to be felled; the fallen trees to be split into rails, chopped into firewood, sawed into clapboards, fashioned into furniture. Stumps had to be drawn like tenacious wisdom teeth from the tough jaws of the earth, leaving the bleeding red clay to be made into bricks to build the stout walls of this House. The heavy stones had to be picked up one by one from the clearings to lay the foundations and set the hearth of this House.

All this, to build this House so that it should stand shoulder to shoulder, honored and respected, with the first mansions of the world, and endure that we might always be proud of it and dwell within its walls forever, in comfort and contentment and peace.

With new-seeing eyes, we turn away from the windows and re-explore our House from within. Now, with affection, we read again the doctrines and precepts of our forefathers, framed and hung near the great door where all who enter may read and ponder on them: their Declaration, their Constitution, their Bill of Rights. We rediscover the many virtues that belong to our House, so painstakingly planned, from the firm foundations to the sturdy walls and the stout roof-tree.

Nevertheless, many improvements have been going forward in order to meet the pressure of our times. Here, a whole new wing has been added to the old House, with many spare-rooms of welcome. For our one big family has grown enormously year after year. A multitude of strangers from across the sea, and lately, good neighbors from the south, have come to dwell in our House. All nations, all creeds and all colors have joined the family circle and broken bread at our always bounteous table.

Look, where our fathers and their fathers lie in the churchyards beneath the oak and the elm, the cypress and the sycamore of our estate. Their blood and their sweat, their tears and their spirit were freely poured and mingled with every foot of the soil in which our House is planted and nurtured like a tree.

The embers have been stirred. The fire on our hearth burns brightly now.

Like our fathers, we too see the vision clearly. Their faith has ignited us; their spirit breathes in our nostrils. Have no fear, this House will not fall! This has been no idle fireside dream. Solemn words have been spoken. Bright deeds will be done.

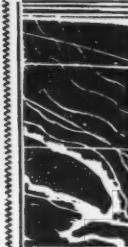
Winter has come indeed, but spring is not far behind.

And so ends the solemn pledge made on the hearthstone of their House and ours; of your House and mine—America!



NEWS DIGEST of the month

EDITED BY GABRIEL COURIER



A DEPARTMENT OF INTERPRETATION AND COMMENT ON THE MONTH'S CHIEF EVENTS

A T H O M E

OUT: Twenty-seven thousand workers walked out of six Chrysler plants in Detroit, walked back after a delay which cost money and time to sorely-pressed American troops. There was a twenty-four hour sitdown strike at Ford's Highland Park plant, while other Americans were crouching in foxholes on Attu. Forty thousand rubber workers in Akron halted production while the tires were being shot off jeeps in China. Seventy-five scrubwomen went on strike in Manhattan, just to let us know they were real Americans, too.

It must have given a good laugh to those German and Italian prisoners who are being brought over to this side of the Atlantic to work on American farms. They know what it means to *work*; they've been under the Axis lash. It must have given new heart to those Frenchmen being deported to Germany to work in Nazi war factories and in Italian aircraft plants. It must have given great cheer to Hitler and Hirohito.

This is labor's war. Labor has more to win—or lose—than any other section of our American population. What will happen to the right to strike if Germany and Japan get their hands on American labor?

But the strikers are not thinking of that; they are thinking, rather, of their chances of getting a few dollars a day more while the world bleeds slowly to death. It isn't American, by any stretch of the imagination. It is covetous and greedy human nature running wild.

OPA: The Office of Price Administration is all but dead; any number of economic doctors are standing around the bedside feeling the pulse and shaking their heads and wondering whether the patient can be saved. And if the patient can't be saved—what then?

There are several alternatives. OPA may be radically reorganized. OPA may just fold up and disappear, just die and be forgotten, à la NRA, and have its functions divided up among other agencies. Or OPA may stagger along a little while longer as it is now.

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So far as we common consumers are concerned, rationing will go on and local rationing boards will carry on, with or without OPA; price controls will continue in somewhat the fashion they are following now; enforcement, we believe, will *not* improve. It will not improve because it is attempted enforcement of a bad policy which nobody, no organization, can enforce well. You can't freeze prices by decree!

Yes—Hitler did it, but Hitler did it with the help of a completely regimented industry, the conscription of labor and the concentration camp. America will never swallow that pill. And let's remember this: with all Hitler's iron rules, he has always had and still has black markets both in Germany and in Axis-occupied territory. There is only one way to get rid of those black markets: that is to so arouse the public conscience and so convince the masses of the need of control that the public itself will back control.

When motorists stop buying gas in the black market, then the freezing of gas prices and the distribution of gas will become effective. When housewives stop buying meat in black markets, (a dangerous procedure, anywhere!) then our OPA's may have a fair chance. But until then—chaos!

CANDIDATES: Not much is being said in public print about the men who want to run for President in 1944, but there is plenty of action behind closed doors. Two men are looming larger and larger in the Republican camp: they are Dewey and Willkie. Dewey says he isn't running—but men before Dewey have said that and been “drafted.” The Governor is making a great record as Governor. Willkie is getting the stop-sign from the old-line politicians because, as they put it, he is a “carpetbagger.” That means he isn't one of them. But even the Old Guard is suspicious that he may be a good vote-catcher. Mr. Willkie's recent book, which broke publishing records, will do him no harm.

Bricker of Ohio is in the doldrums; there isn't much enthusiasm for him

beyond the state lines of Ohio, but there is plenty there. Stassen is being looked upon as a dark horse in case Willkie can't make it, but Stassen is in the Navy, and it would be impossible for him to stage a real campaign. MacArthur? Forget MacArthur. He's a soldier, and there's a war going on, and he's the kind of soldier who will take care of his war first.

We hazard a guess: if the war is still on when the election comes, Roosevelt can win without lifting his hand. If the war is half over (with Hitler beaten) F.D.R.'s chances will not be so good. If the war is completely won, we will have a Republican president.

WEAPON: There is a new, more-or-less secret weapon now being employed against the Axis submarines in the Atlantic. We can't tell you all about it, or give any details, except to say that it is called “radar.” Yes, it is a radio gadget, and it can spot a submarine *under water* even with the sub's engines silent.

The idea was first conceived in the laboratories of the Radio Corporation of America, back in 1937. It has been used for some time by aviators as a collision-prevention apparatus. It was radar that warned of the approach of Japanese planes at Pearl Harbor; if that warning had been heeded, we wouldn't be lifting American battleships from the bottom of that Hawaiian harbor today.

Radar was also used by the American battleships at Casablanca. The *Jean Bart* was the victim of direct hits from American ships that the officers of the *Bart* couldn't even see! All the man with a radar instrument needs is a high enough perch to get an angle; the gunners can do the rest. It's uncanny, unbelievable—and the latest long stride of exact modern science.

DEATH: Dr. Jerome Davis, former president of the American Federation of Teachers, is suing the *Saturday Evening Post* (Curtis Publishing Company, to be exact) for \$150,000 libel. It seems that the *Post* printed an article in 1939

which "falsely depicted him (Dr. Davis) as a Communist, and caused him to lose out on a prospective job," and so—the suit.

We're not particularly interested in the outcome of the suit, or whether or not Dr. Davis is a Communist. But one statement of his, in court, gives us pause. Mr. Davis said on the stand that capitalism "is approaching its old age. . . I would give the present system about fifty more years of life." He also believes that capitalism dominates the press and the radio.

Capitalism dying? That's a big blanket of a statement. Certainly capitalism, as we have known it, is pretty sick. It will be sicker when this war is over. In Europe, there is no longer any such thing as a financial system or structure; there is no real money; there are no property rights; there is no gold (most of that is at Fort Knox). That means confusion, from Madrid to Moscow. And that means that some substitutionary system will have to be found; the old capitalism simply will not work in the first hectic days after the peace. What we shall probably see is wide adoption of a new system of trade-by-barter, at least until things settle down again.

Nor is there any reason to suppose that things will settle down again into the old capitalistic ruts. Truth be told, Hitler has dealt a death-blow to that system in Europe; his horrible crusade is as much economic as political and military. The men who have fought this war under him or against him will want something quite new in economic justice, something quite different from the economic injustice that lies behind war.

What will they want? Communism? We think not. Socialism? Maybe so; we already have more socialism than most of us are aware of, even in the United States. A reformed capitalism? We think so. We shall always have to have capital; even Russia has learned that. But we need not have it with all the old abuses. It is the abuse and not the use of capital that has brought us where we are. If we can learn to use it wisely and for the good of all, then this war shall not have been in vain.

COURIER'S CUES: There will be no shift from the "Hitler First" strategy of the Allied command; the Pacific will wait. . . . Opening of the Mediterranean will be of no help in relieving U.S. gas and oil shortages; new offensives will make the shortage worse. . . . Watch for trouble with Argentina over U.S. unofficial but very effective economic boycott. . . . Presence of Benes and Churchill in U. S. at same time leads many to think they were talking the new League of Nations over with F. D. R. . . . Little Steel formula in wages will probably be abandoned completely. . . . Shortages of dairy and poultry produce is just ahead. . . . The labor unions are out to get Byrnes, Chester Davis, and Brown of the

OPA. . . . Washington says now that Germany will go down in 1944, Japan in 1945. . . . Island-hopping from Attu to Tokyo is unlikely; direct thrusts will be made at Japanese mainland. . . . Senator

We think not. Ideas don't die in bed, don't die quickly or as easily as this. Communism will be a force to reckon with—but not in the chaotic days that will immediately follow the peace.



Whitelaw in The London Daily Herald
"WHAT DOTH IT PROFIT A MAN?"

Norris is being pressured to accept chairmanship of Committee on Fair Employment Practices.

It is politics, diplomacy, war wisdom. It is good wisdom. We're for it. It will help win the war. After we've won the war, we can worry about the rest of it.

A B R O A D

COMINTERN: The Communist International is dead. Or is it? There is an official document, signed by twelve world leaders of Communism, telling the worried world that it need worry no longer about the world revolution which has been warp and woof of Soviet policy ever since Nicolai Lenin took over from the Czars.

There are several impressive and not-enough-publicized angles to this "death of the Comintern." One is that all twelve signers of the death-warrant come *not from Russia but from Continental Europe*. That was no accident. In recent years, this International or Comintern has been put into practice on the Continent. With that policy and practice officially discontinued, the peoples of the Continent have a nightmare lifted from their shoulders: they know now that there will be no organized, aggressive Communist body to seize power when the Nazi power collapses. Hitler knows they know that—hence his wild hysterical attempt to laugh off the passing of the International. He knows that this will do more to weld together the forces of nationalism and national patriotism in Europe than anything else the Allies could have done.

Yet—if we may throw a monkey-wrench—does anyone suppose that the International is dead and dead forever?

GAS: Most men go pale when they talk of the possibilities of the development of a gas warfare. Gas is supposed to be the most hideous instrument in the awful armament of war. As a matter of cold fact, it isn't.

We are not suddenly calloused or brutal when we say that from a strict military standpoint, gas is the most humane of all fighting weapons. The proof of that statement is to be found in the mortality statistics of war. A ridiculously small number of soldiers die from gas. Most cases, unless there are complications involved, are cured in two years at the most; we know hundreds of Americans who were gassed in the last war who are walking the streets in perfect health today.

But when shrapnel or machine-gun bullets strike, the fatalities soar. Arms and legs come off; men are permanently blinded. The big high explosive shells produce an after-effect of shell-shock that is unknown with gas shells. All this is true of the fighting men. The real danger in the use of gas lies in its use upon an unprotected civilian population, but even there chances for recovery are better than otherwise.

But, when all this is said, we think it highly improbable that gas will be used at all. Hitler is afraid of it—and for one very good reason: he knows that the Allies have tremendous stocks in store, and that if he ever started it, he would be so badly out-gassed that the end would

come in a hurry for the New Order. He will not start it, and neither will we. But, strange as it seems, it might give us all a quicker and far more humane consummation of the fighting than we will get with our shrapnel and machine-gun bullets.

RECOVERY: Speaking of deaths from wounds, it is becoming highly proper to say "The Wounded Don't Die." This isn't our phrase; it is the title of an exhaustive O.W.I. report.

Never before, according to this report, has the American soldier had available the medical care and equipment that he has in this war. Because of that, 97 percent of the Army and Navy men wounded at Pearl Harbor have survived. Only 2.6 percent have died; 53 percent had returned to duty as of March 31, 1943, while 43.5 percent were still under treatment and 9/10 of 1 percent were invalidated from service.

The military hospital service of the U.S. fighting services extends around the world. It starts with the first-aid kit carried by every man; it works on through the hospital corps man who crawls out under fire to rescue the man who has been hit, the litter-bearers, the front-line ambulances and dressing stations, base hospitals, aerial ambulances that fly the wounded hundreds and even thousands of miles for further treatment.

War itself can never be called "humane" in an exact sense; yet it can be made *more* humane than it has been. We are witnessing a long step in that direction in our generation.

ple would not be, after six years of it? The Chinese are the most long-suffering people in the universe, but there is a definite limit to the punishment that can be absorbed by the human personality. The Chinese are nearing the end of their military resources; gallant as they are, they cannot fight bombers with pitchforks. The number of people affected by famine in Hunan alone totals nine million; they are living on leaves and the roots of weeds—and an army fights on its stomach!

Help must come soon, if China is not to be knocked out of the war. Undoubtedly, the Roosevelt-Churchill talks were talks dealing largely with the question of how to get help to Chungking, before it is too late. Tremendous difficulties are involved. Just measure off a few of the distances between the cities in China, on your map, and you'll know what we mean.

It is a desperate crisis. Upon our ability to send help may rest the possibility of a war one year or five years long. If we lose China as an ally, five years more of war may be a conservative estimate.

WALLS: The Chinese built the greatest wall in the world; it was pierced almost at will by the northern invaders. The Romans built walls all over the then-known world; they were useless when the barbarians really went to work on them. The French built a Maginot Line and sat down, so safe, behind it; no longer need they fear the Germans. The Germans ran blithely around the end of Maginot, and the world laughed grimly.

Back in 1918, all the men in Germany could not hold a little line that ran from Switzerland to the sea. Today, there are hardly enough men in Germany to man a line around occupied Europe. It is humanly impossible; such a line can and will be pierced in a dozen places.

There is a wall that cannot be pierced: the Germans have met it in Yugoslavia. It is the wall of the human heart, the spirit of freedom-loving men. That is impregnable—and Hitler knows it!

WEDDING: Peter wants a wife. Peter of Yugoslavia's government-in-exile wants to marry Princess Alexandra of Greece immediately. His government's Cabinet-in-exile is split wide open over whether they will let him marry, or forbid it. It's quite a crisis.

And it is a sad commentary. Are we to have this nonsense all over again—the nonsense of supposedly wise governments going frantic over a royal marriage while their people are in chains? Are political alliances via royal marriage again to demand the lives of the peasantry in war? If that is to be, then let's stop fighting, now.

CHURCH NEWS

NEGOTIATE? The Southwest Ohio Synod of the Evangelical and Reformed Church, in session at Cincinnati, has pledged itself "to work consistently for a Christian peace, based on brotherhood and good will for all, to be negotiated at the earliest possible moment." (italics ours.)

We all want peace. We all want it at the earliest possible moment—or sooner than that, if we can get it. But this idea of negotiating peace troubles us. Negotiate with whom? With Hitler, who has jailed Neimöller and killed the Jews and who last month turned on the Catholics and blamed them for the war? With Mussolini, who has played Machiavelli with the Church, and who is reported now running to the Church for "help"? With Japan?

Let's be sensible: nobody has ever succeeded in negotiating with men who will not negotiate and stand by their negotiations and their promises. The greatest danger in the whole war picture now is that the old Junker party in Germany will revolt and hurl the Nazis into outer darkness and then offer to negotiate on the basis of "We've-thrown-Hitler-out-now-let's-have-peace." Such a peace would be only a breathing-spell in which the Junkers could get ready for the next war.

President Roosevelt has settled this whole question in just two words: "Unconditional Surrender."

JAPANESE: Next to the argument of how best to whip Japan, the argument



Dr. Roy G. Ross, general secretary, International Council of Religious Education, reads citation for ten years of meritorious service by NBC's "Hymns of All Churches" program. Foreground, left to right, Vincent Pelletier, announcer; Fred Jacky, choir director; Dr. Ross; Franklyn MacCormack, poetry reader

DISINTEGRATION? It is frank and truthful if not encouraging to say that the war in China goes badly—worse than on any other front. The Burma Road is closed, and when the Japanese closed it, they snapped a mighty life-line running to Chiang Kai-shek. The Japanese occupy the coast, shutting off the ports. The people are weary of war; what people?

Now the Germans talk of an "impregnable" wall running the whole length of the Atlantic Coast from North Cape to the Pyrenees. They say it can never be taken. That statement is worthy of a good laugh. No fortification in this world, anywhere, is any longer impregnable. Any fortress can be stormed. No wall around Europe can possibly save the Nazis.

over what we are to do with the Japanese now interned in this country is perhaps the hottest in the country. Some there are on the West Coast who favor the immediate deportation of all Japanese to Japan as soon as the dove of peace finds her wings. Others are definitely against that. Some want them relocated on the land they owned before Pearl Harbor; others plead for colonies. No-

which warns of attempts to put the whole blame for the war upon "innate characteristics of the German people." (That would be an interesting one to read, in view of such books as Winkler's "Thousand Year Conspiracy," but of course there are always two sides to every story.)

The Richmond Ministerial Union has set up an inter-racial cooperation pro-

taken into whatever plans we adults lay, for the boys and the girls are the most concerned. When we lay the axe of Christian understanding and practical effort at the root of this delinquency tree, we'll be getting somewhere.

PRAYER: At the famous conference grounds of Winona Lake, this year, there will gather one thousand preachers and one thousand laymen, from July 6 to 8, to pray for a nation-wide revival. It is a prayer-meeting on a national scale. Nothing quite like it has ever been seen in this country.

We like it. We like it very much indeed. For this is timely, timeless prayer, at the moment when we need it most. It is one thing to pray when we go into battle, or when we find ourselves afloat on a raft—and we are not critical of that praying, either—but it is quite another thing to gather such a host of people from all over the nation to pray for guidance before the battle comes, before we need the raft.

Why limit it to Winona? Why don't we establish such prayer-centers north, south, east and west, coast to coast? We have been shouting our hymns of hatred long enough, shaking our mailed fists long enough. It's time we got on our knees, if we are to get out of the mess we're in, and if we are to prevent another such mess from coming our way again.

LAUBACH: In the July 1942 CHRISTIAN HERALD you read one of the most popular articles we have ever printed: it was "You Love 'Em Into Learning," and it told the story of missionary Frank C. Laubach's fight against the illiteracy of Asia and Africa. No man in our generation has done more to help the world learn to read and write—at least that section of the world which we call "illiterate." He is a missionary who believes in saving the mind as well as the soul, in order that man may really worship God with all his mind.

Laubach is off on a new venture in his crusade against ignorance. He's in Hollywood, working with Walt Disney. They are developing a simplified method of teaching illiterate Latin Americans how to read.

Seventy-one percent of the people of South America are illiterate; the averages range from twelve percent in Argentina to as high as ninety percent in other sections. Probably, most of these people look at movies; now they will be led, with the help of movies, Disney and missionary Laubach, into a new world and a new life.

Do you see in this Disney-Laubach combination what we see? We see the missionary influence reaching Hollywood, which is tremendous in itself. We also see modern missions using the medium of the motion picture in the effort to lead more men to God. Is there a better combination, a combination more pregnant



The Royal Family of England leaves St. Paul's Cathedral after attending a Thanksgiving Service in observance of the Allied victory in North Africa

body—Washington included—has the least idea as to what will really happen when the war ends.

Certain constructive Christian measures are now being taken which spell "good will" in large letters. During the past year, 871 Japanese-American youths from the West Coast relocation centers have been placed in American colleges and universities by the National Student Relocation Council. There is Mr. Ickes, who has set an example in employing Japanese on his farm. And there is the Los Angeles Church Federation which issues a statement in which they "deplore that on the home front there should be so much evidence of attempts to generate hatreds, and that there are those who would foster hatred against American citizens of Japanese ancestry, even when there is no well-founded evidence as to their disloyalty to our country."

Good for Los Angeles!

SPIRIT: Evidences that the Christian spirit is prevailing over the spirit of hatred pile up on our desk with the passing of every hour. Yesterday we read that several church groups in London have joined in drawing up a declaration

gram, including proposals that Negro police be appointed for service in Negro communities and that Negroes be given representation on school boards and boards of political and social agencies. A Negro minister, Archdeacon B. W. Harris, has just been appointed secretary for Negro work for Protestant Episcopalians in the U.S.

Such concrete actions and attitudes will accomplish more toward the settlement of the race-and-color question than reams of discussion in print that nobody reads.

DELINQUENTS: In an effort to curb the rising tide of juvenile delinquency, the Disciples of Christ are combining churches and forces in a nation-wide program of education, beginning with parents. Their program of home visitation is especially comprehensive.

And the Indianapolis Council of Baptist Boys has been formed to help combat delinquency in that city. A boys committee will work with the Juvenile Court judge and police officials.

Both schemes are good, because they go to the roots of the problem. Both parents and boys—and girls!—need to be

with possibilities, than this one, anywhere?

UNION: The ecclesiastical war over Presbyterian-Protestant Episcopal union becomes almost furious. The struggle of the Moderator candidates at the recent Presbyterian General Assembly was one of those Fundamentalist (George Talbot) -Modernist (Henry Sloane Coffin) affairs; deeply involved also was the struggle between Talbot, who advocated first the union of all Presbyterian bodies in the U.S., and Coffin, whose Episcopalian leanings are well known. That struggle reaches down to the humblest laymen in both churches.

It is too early, as we go to press, to report on both Presbyterian Assembly and Protestant Episcopal General Convention actions, but we're safe in saying that with the leaders and laymen feeling as they do, this discussion will go on for some time to come. There are several vital elements involved. One is property: the clergymen will not all admit that, but the question of "Who is to get all the churches?" is a bugbear in this church union debate. Involved also are creeds and ecclesiastical forms of government—the Episcopal versus the Presbyterian or Congregational, for instance. Those creeds and governmental forms are deeply rooted, thanks to the years in which they have been practiced. You don't tear up such roots overnight!

Too many men are intimating (as Bishop Manning intimates), "Sure—we're all for Church union, provided all churches come into our Church!" Too many others are saying, in deep ignorance, "There isn't any reason why all the churches couldn't get together tomorrow morning, if they wanted to." One statement is as foolish as the other. Rome wasn't built in a day, nor was any Church.

If we may be permitted an editorial observation, it seems to us that the Presbyterians and the Episcopalians have tremendous rivers to cross on their way to union—wider, deeper rivers than most other denominations in Protestantism. The Methodists and the Episcopalians, we believe, would be in a better position to join forces. The ritualism and the Anglo-Catholicism of the Protestant Episcopal Church is pure poison to a rock-ribbed Presbyterian—to say nothing of the presence of the Bishops! Nothing would please us more than to see these two denominations come together, and we have a deep and profound respect and admiration for the men who lead the cause of union in both Churches, but we still wonder why the energy is not spent in other directions, toward other, more like-minded churches.

HERE AND THERE: Chaplains are deeply concerned over the WAAC's and WAVE's, who are breaking all records for camp church attendance. . . . And

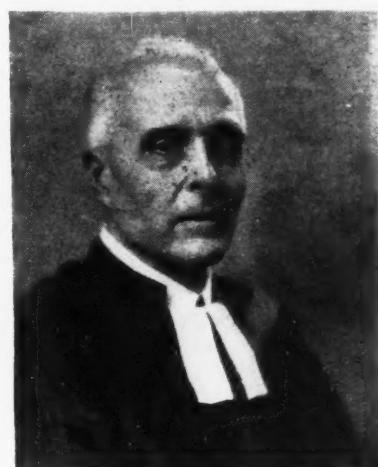
there are now 200,000 WAAC's and WAVE's to worry about. . . . Chaplains also report a woeful lack of religious knowledge among men in the services; whose fault is that? . . . OPA has ruled that clergymen may buy new, low-priced automobiles. . . . Drive for a state lottery has been defeated in Massachusetts. . . . Released time religious instruction is now a matter of law in California; this is the 44th state to pass such a law. . . . Copies of the Scriptures were printed and distributed by American Bible Society in 1942 at the rate of 11,000 a day, making the greatest year in A.B.S. history. . . . The war did that, for thousands of those Scriptures went to Army and Navy personnel; even a war-wind blows somebody good. . . . Roman Catholic membership

glass of beer, a child faints from hunger in Belgium, Norway or France.

ALL-OUT: It's stranger than fiction, and it's true: practically every other belligerent country *except* the United States has gone all-out against liquor for the duration. Canada has officially rationed liquor. Germany has restricted all alcoholic beverages. England, Russia and Japan have laws with teeth—comprehensive governmental restrictions. John Barleycorn has been ushered into a concentration camp nearly everywhere else but here. Why is that?

ESSAY: A Georgia schoolgirl has written a prize essay on the liquor business that should receive a Congressional medal. She writes:

"Take one regular natural-born fool, add two or three drinks of liquor (any kind, bootleg or otherwise) and mix the two in a high-powered automobile. After the fool is thoroughly soaked, place his foot on the gas and release the brakes. Remove the fool from the wreckage. Place in black, satin-lined box and garnish with flowers."



© Wide World

HENRY SLOANE COFFIN, D.D., LL.D.
Newly elected, by the 155th General Assembly,
as Moderator of the Presbyterian Church in
the U.S.A. He will hold office for one year

shows an increase of 389,005 over last year. . . . And that's all for this month.

TEMPERANCE

GRAIN: We heard a speech the other day that kept us awake that night. We heard a Quaker talk about the job being done in feeding the starving children of Europe, by the Friend's Service Committee. That job will go down in history as one of the noblest jobs ever accomplished by any Church at any time. The good Quaker concluded his remarks by saying that all the Friends wanted in the way of foodstuffs from the United States was certain comparatively small quantities of surplus grain now stored in the U.S. The Quakers can't get that grain—so children in Europe must starve and die.

He also mentioned the fact that we were still making liquor with that grain! That's something for café society and the beer-hall drinker to think about. Every time they toss off a cocktail or a

SCHOOL: Seventeen denominations have nominated candidates for fellowships at the Summer Session of the School of Alcohol Studies at Yale University. Sponsored by Yale through its Laboratory of Applied Psychology, this new school will be the first complete school dealing exclusively with the scientific approach to the problems of alcohol. Announced purpose of the school is to "render the findings of scientific research available for application to the actual problems of alcohol in the community." This is good. We'd like to attend a school like this.

We have just read the statement of Anne Roe in the *Quarterly Journal of Studies in Alcohol*, in which she claims that many American school children are losing confidence in pleas for temperance because they are being misinformed about the effects of alcohol. She has figures gathered in a nation-wide survey to prove it. We believe her. We are definitely opposed to misinformation—to such misinformation in schoolbooks, for instance, as statements to the effect that three ounces of alcohol is a fatal dose, that cancer and hardening of the arteries are to be attributed to alcohol (*in defiance of medical knowledge*), et cetera, ad infinitum.

Let's be intelligent about it. There is no doubt whatever that alcohol is a major threat both to personal and public health; there is evidence galore, from doctors and health experts, to prove that. We don't need to stretch the truth about alcohol; the liquor men have tried that, and their truth-stretching has boomeranged.

It's time the schoolbooks caught up with the truth. Those of us who know the truth, and who want to see it spread, are obligated to "get active" about it.

Christian Herald



PROHIBITION? or WHAT NEXT?

CHRISTIAN HERALD'S temperance and anti-liquor poll of its readership is now complete with the following returns:

	Yes	No
A campaign for wartime prohibition	1226	98
A campaign prohibiting all liquor advertising, including radio and billboards	1379	11
A campaign to take private profit out of liquor	1192	59
A campaign of strict regulation and control rather than of prohibition	392	764
Temperance education for total abstinence	1362	15

These figures are based on 1403 returns.

Our observations:

1. The poll shows a surprisingly small return. A similar CHRISTIAN HERALD poll on the Townsend Plan brought fifty times as many replies. We do not believe that this is as much an indication of indifference as it is of uncertainty. Several of the nation's most distinguished temperance and prohibition leaders declined to contribute articles to the special series now appearing in CHRISTIAN HERALD because they had become uncertain as to the timeliness of any political campaign for prohibition. They were unwilling to state their changed viewpoint lest they be regarded as enemies of temperance, friends of liquor. Here it is interesting to recall that when the Eighteenth Amendment was repealed, less than twenty-five percent of the qualified electorate voted either for or against repeal. It has been affirmed that tens of thousands of our citizens, dissatisfied with the results under Prohibition, would not vote either to destroy or to continue it. Does the present small return indicate a similar reaction? Are the majority of CHRISTIAN HERALD readers opposed to a national campaign for prohibition but unwilling to put themselves on record—unwilling to appear in "wet company?" One of the country's most prominent industrialists and a former Prohibitionist, wrote that in his opinion now was not the time to "agitate." And yet no reply suggests that liquor is not a problem, national in scope, appalling in size and of growing intensity.

2. The heaviest vote is for complete prohibition of liquor advertising and for education for total abstinence: also the negative vote here is lowest—a total of twenty-six. Our readers are practically unanimous in calling for a national campaign to prohibit all liquor advertising and to promote temperance and total abstinence by education.

3. The poll shows vigorous opposition and positive antipathy to regulation and control. This is the only question where the negative wins over the affirmative—764 no, 392 yes. But perhaps even 392 affirmative votes among CHRISTIAN HERALD readers is significant.



4. A campaign to take private profit out of liquor is favored by 1192 readers, with 59 opposing. Here is one of the most startling returns in the poll. Never before has the CHRISTIAN HERALD family by so many as a dozen letters suggested that we should support what Prohibitionists of a generation ago would have branded as a "working agreement with Satan." Now the principle which is involved in the Gothenburg, or Swedish, System and in the Rockefeller Plan has proportionately strong support.

Our conclusions:

Our readers call for CHRISTIAN HERALD to support a campaign to prohibit all liquor advertising and to promote temperance and total abstinence. Education in the home, school and church through civic agencies and through public media of information should be constant, scientific and human. Always CHRISTIAN HERALD has wholeheartedly promoted such a program and we (*Continued on page 49*)



WEEP NOT FOR THEM

On coral isles, on desert sands,
Beneath the swelling tides;
They sleep the long untroubled sleep,
Their hard won rest abides.

They do not rise to meet the dawn,
Nor hear the battle call;
For they have finished with the fight,
These who have given all.

They lived and loved, their time was youth,
And youth they gave to time,
Now they have won eternity—
These warriors yours and mine.

Weep not for them, nor for their cause,
Our sons who faltered not;
Weep only for ourselves who failed
Who vowed the vow—forgot.

Weep for ourselves, then vow again;
Pledge in our children's blood,
To keep the faith and make the peace
A world-wide brotherhood.

—D. A. P.



Frank Mead, our editor, has written many beautiful things but never anything more beautiful and eloquent than his unsigned article on the four Chaplains, appearing in the June issue. With all its proportion of fine writing, that is a masterpiece.

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What does RUSSIA Want?

By Corliss Lamont

With the passing of the Third International as an instrument of Soviet policy all the world is asking, "Just what does Russia want?" No other question is of greater moment: upon its answer depends the peace of the world, the prevention of World War III.

THIS summer, as the United Nations undertake their great assault on the fortress of Europe, it is of prime importance that we Americans try to understand our associates in the supreme task of smashing Hitler and Mussolini speedily and completely. For only through concerted action on the part of the United Nations, particularly the American, British and Soviet forces, can the Nazi-Fascist strength be finally broken. And it is only through the indestructible

unity of the allied powers that the peace to come can be established on a lasting foundation.

Unfortunately, during the first few months of 1943, this unity has been menaced in the United States by an alarming wave of anti-Soviet propaganda, which has made capital out of Russia's alleged goals, territorial or otherwise, in the postwar world. Ironically enough, fear and suspicion of Soviet Russia appear to increase whenever the Russians render great service to the cause of the United Nations by successful blows against Hitler. And if, in the course of future battles, the Soviet Union

continues to roll back the Nazi armies, there is danger that misunderstanding of Soviet foreign policy may grow to the point where it could seriously threaten our chances for victory and enduring peace.

For this reason I wish to present as briefly and clearly as possible the fundamental aims of Soviet foreign policy. These aims are not policies of expediency, but basic goals which the Soviet Union has pursued during the entire twenty-five years of its existence, and they are highly indicative of what Russia fights for, and of what she wants out of this war.

First, the Soviet Union seeks world

peace above all else in the realm of international relations. The U.S.S.R. has twice suffered the horrors of foreign invasion. The first time was in the years following the First World War, when the young Republic was forced to defend itself against the armies of no less than ten different nations. The second time was the present Nazi invasion, during which more than 12,000,000 Russians have died either in combat or in the occupied zones, while almost the entire populous western region has been laid waste by the most savage warfare in the history of man. More than any other power, the Soviet Union has reason to wish for lasting peace, a peace in which she can devote herself to the great tasks of reconstruction and continued progress. Already the Russians are looking forward to their postwar period; they have drawn up a giant Fifteen-Year Plan that will require the productive energy of the whole population for its fulfillment, and which will bring peacetime abundance on a vast scale.

Second, the Soviet Union has always held that peace cannot be achieved without the establishment of the principle of collective security. Particularly in the decade preceding the Second World War, the Soviet Union strove to carry out this principle, which reflects the abhorrence of war that characterizes both Soviet social philosophy and foreign policy. It was Maxim Litvinoff, present Soviet Ambassador to the United States, who led the great fight for collective security through the League of Nations from 1934 up until the very eve of the present conflict. Again and again Mr. Litvinoff called for concerted action against the Nazi aggressors, but never could he obtain sufficient response from the western democracies to make possible the firm establishment of this principle which our own American President, Woodrow Wilson, had written into the League Covenant. Finally, after the western democracies' disastrous capitulation to the Nazis at Munich, the Soviet Union was forced, in self-defense, to sign a non-aggression pact with Germany.

This agreement, which was in no sense an alliance, enabled Soviet Russia to strengthen her defenses, much as we in the United States strengthened our own defenses during the first two years of the war. And the Soviets have continued to adhere to the principle of collective security during their resistance to the Nazi invaders, re-stating their viewpoint plainly in the Twenty-Year British-Soviet Pact, which reads: "The high contracting parties declare their desire to unite with other like-minded states in adopting proposals for common action to preserve peace and resist aggression in the postwar period."

Third, the Soviet Union stands for the self-determination of all peoples. This principle, one of the cardinal points

of Soviet policy, has been maintained not only in the sphere of foreign affairs but has been actually realized in regard to the fifty national and racial minorities within the boundaries of the U.S.S.R. In so far as this principle is applied to peoples outside Soviet Russia, it must be remembered that its application may lead other nations to choose a socialist way of life and even to join the U.S.S.R. itself, as did the Baltic nations in 1940. There were logical reasons why these small countries so decided, as they had been part of Russia since the campaigns of Peter the Great in 1721, and their artificial separation from Russia after the

cently reiterated it in a letter to the Moscow correspondent of the *New York Times*.

Regarding the problem of the Soviet-Finnish boundary, in view of Finland's role as Hitler's ally, there would seem to be no good reason why this frontier should be re-drawn as it was before 1940. Here strategic security is of supreme importance, and Americans, who, though protected by two vast oceans, have recently seen their own safety menaced from abroad, should easily understand the concern of the Soviet Union, which has been invaded on a large scale twice in twenty-five years. Bessarabia, which also was re-incorporated by the Soviet Union in 1940, formerly belonged to Russia and the Soviets had never acquiesced in its seizure by Rumania.

Fourth, the Soviets wish to see the re-establishment of normal, flourishing, international trade. In reconstructing their country after the war, they will be in great need of goods from the United States and Great Britain. And Soviet orders will help to ease America's transition back to a peace economy. In regard to trade relations between the Soviet Union and the world as a whole, the Soviets will undoubtedly stand by their adherence to the Atlantic Charter which states that the United Nations "will endeavor, with due respect for their existing obligations, to further the enjoyment by all states, great or small, victor or vanquished, of access, on equal terms, to the trade and raw materials of the world which are needed for their economic prosperity."

Fifth, Soviet Russia supports the principle of universal disarmament. Utopian as this goal may appear in the light of recent history, I believe the Soviet Union will continue to press for drastic disarmament after the peace has been organized on reliable foundations. For it is to the practical interest of the Soviet Union, which has great plans for future growth and progress, to get rid of the crushing expenditures for military purposes that it has been forced to make in the past.

These five points constitute the fundamental aims of Soviet foreign policy, and in no way do they conflict with the interests of the United States. There are, however, one or two other issues which for many Americans seem obstacles to friendship between the two nations. One of these issues concerns the matter of religion.

There cannot be the slightest doubt that there has been, is, and will be freedom of religious worship in Soviet Russia. When I traveled through the country in 1932 and again in 1938 I found churches open and flourishing in every city to which I went. The congregations were fairly large and included a high proportion of young people. I obtained so much material on the subject that I came home and wrote a pamphlet on it.

(Continued on page 46)

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Editor's Note

THE editors warn you: this is not the usual article on Russia. Mr. Lamont presents an interpretation of Soviet policy and aims with which some will disagree, but which comes as an important contribution to American thinking at a moment when America is going all-out to discover and understand the real Russia. It is based on fact and personal observation and not on wishful thinking or straw-man propaganda, and it is written by one who has gone on several missions to Moscow.



First World War disrupted their economies.

There are also sound ethnological reasons, generally admitted, for the peoples of eastern Poland, the Ukrainians and White Russians, to have joined the U.S.S.R. Like the Baltic republics, these groups will maintain their own languages, theatres and schools, and will control their own administration of justice, education, public health and other local matters. And they will presumably evolve toward the complete democracy that is the aim of the Soviet Union and is expressed in its constitution. Nevertheless, whatever the final delineation of the Soviet-Polish boundary, the Russians wish to see a strong, independent Poland after the war. Premier Stalin made this point emphatically in a statement to Premier Sikorski in December, 1941, and has re-

Henry Ford, who will be eighty July 30, and Mrs. Ford on the grounds of their home in Dearborn, Mich.



By WILLIAM L.
STIDGER

HENRY FORD celebrates his eightieth birthday on the 30th of July. He is at eighty a kindly, sprightly, forward-looking man. Most men that age have long since retired to the rocking-chair, but the wizard of Dearborn is today one of the pivotal figures around which revolves the all-out war effort of American industry.

Recently I talked with him in Dearborn; we strolled through the fifty-million-dollar Willow Run bomber plant, with its thousand acres and its sixty-five miles of cement runways. We stopped to look at the huge bombers that will travel 5,000 miles without refueling. And Henry Ford, at eighty, is the human spark-plug who keeps them rolling.

It was a cold, drizzling day; Mr. Ford turned up the collar of his coat and asked, "Well, what do you think of it?"

My reply was, "It makes me sick to my stomach."

"Why?" he asked.

"Well, when I think of what we could do in the churches of this nation with the money being spent here; of how we could spread goodwill through our missionaries around the world; of what we could do with the hospitals this cash would build—it makes me sick to think of spending all this money on bombers to kill people."

He smiled—a half-sad, knowing, prophetic smile. Then he said, slowly, "You needn't worry. There will not be many bombers made in this plant. The bulk



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of our work will be to build huge transport planes so that when peace comes we will be all set and ready to send the products of our industry to the peoples of the earth. That's what I was interested in when I built Willow Run."

As always, he looks forward—beyond the things that are, into the future. He has done that all his life—and he will not stop it now, war or no war.

We walked into the Martha-Mary Chapel—a wee church built a few years ago as a memorial to his mother and to Mrs. Ford's mother. Every morning, at eight, he goes to that chapel and worships with the children of his Greenfield Village Schools and whenever I am in town he picks me up at the Dearborn Inn and takes me along. We sit up in the gallery and watch the children conduct their own worship service. The Bible is read, the prayers spoken, and the singing done by the youngsters. The only adult taking any part in the service is the organist. Mr. Ford knows every child by name, and he whispers their names to me, one by one, as they take their parts in the worship. The beautiful organ rolls the music of the great church hymns around the white walls. One morning, Mr. Ford whispered: "Beautiful aren't they?" And I, not knowing whether he meant the hymns or the children, asked, "Which?" He replied: "The hymns. I was brought up on church

hymns, and on prayers and Bible-reading. As I grow older I find myself turning to them more and more."

The children were leaving the chapel now. We went downstairs and Mr. Ford greeted each child by name as they passed us. He knew them all and he had a special word for each of them. They laughed, smiled and called back to him. They seemed to be utterly unaware that they were talking to the greatest machine-age industrialist in America. He was just their friend.

When the children had left we sat down in a pew on the first floor while the organist continued (after a nod from Mr. Ford) to play the old hymns. Mr. Ford asked for "Rock of Ages," "Nearer My God to Thee," and "Oh God, Our Help in Ages Past." When they played that last one he said: "I think of that hymn a lot in these war days, and as I grow older. Somehow it expresses something for me, especially that line, 'Our Hope for years to come.' You know, when a man reaches eighty he hasn't too many years to go. But I'm not complaining. I've lived a lot and I have been able to do a few things to help people along the way, but not as much as people have helped me."

He was in a thoughtful, mellow mood. I asked him if he was still reading the Bible and if it still had the large place in his life that it had always had.



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Then it was that he reminded me of something I had almost forgotten: "Yes, I have a Bible in every room in my house. I like to have a Bible close so I can pick it up and read. I read at least a chapter every day. You know, I took a pledge with Woodrow Wilson during the last war to do that. It was that evangelist Wilbur Chapman who got us to do it. I once asked President Wilson if he had kept his pledge and he said that he had. I know that I have. In fact all the good I know I got out of the Bible. I got it first in the old days when they used to read a chapter of the Bible every morning in grammar school. I wish they still did that. Honesty, integrity, morality, ethics, how to deal with people—all this I have learned from daily Bible-readings.

"You know, we always have a new birth of Bible-reading in wartime. It's good for us. It's coming in this war as it did in the last one. President Wilson and I were not the only ones in those years who took vows to read a chapter of the Bible every day. Millions did that, and it was all to the good."

"Twenty years ago," I said, "you told me that the Sermon on the Mount is the greatest social and human document ever written. Do you still believe that?"

He waited a while before answering, listening to the organ music. Then he said: "Yes, it still is and always will be the greatest human document ever written or spoken (for you know it was spoken—not written—by the Master on that hill). You can throw that document and its principles down in any home, any school, store or industry and it will work if you will give it half a chance. It is just as much alive to-day and just as applicable to life in general as it was when it was first given to the world. I try to make its principles work in my business."

The music of the old hymns was coming to us softly and subdued now, for the organist had noticed that we were

The huge building which houses the production line of the Ford Willow Run bomber plant

talking seriously.

"Edwin Markham would have loved this chapel," I said. Ford and Markham had been friends for many years. I took Mr. Markham to see Mr. Ford back in the early twenties. The two took to each other like old cronies. Mr. Markham said on that visit, "I put the social gospel into words; Mr. Ford puts it into deeds."

"I think that Mr. Markham wrote a poem for you, Mr. Ford; for you especially as you approach your eightieth birthday."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that he wrote a poem once when he too was eighty years of age. In that poem he said:

"For while I hear despairing cries
I have a faith that never dies.
I know that if we ceased from strife
We could stretch shelter over life;
Yet I see mothers giving birth
To babes unfit to fill the earth.
I see long lines of hungry men
Gaunt as gray wolves in lonely den.
Even in a country filled with bread
Men go unsheltered and unfed.
I can but flash a sword of song
Against this anarchy and wrong.
I feel more tenderly the tears
Of all the world at eighty years."

I paused as I read those last two lines and waited for his reaction. He said, "I feel that too, at eighty."

Then I went on:

"The fight for justice fills the world,
The flag of faith is never furled.
The sons of Satan throw their
weight;
God's sons are also at the gate,
I know too, if the battles fail,
If God's flag falters in the gale,
If soldiers of the common good
Lose in the cry for brotherhood,
If noble martyrs of good will
Go down to dust and shadows—still
The battle is worth while—the fight
Is one more flame against the night;
And they who nobly fail will find

The peace of the heroic mind,
Will taste life's sacred joy, the joy
Earth cannot give nor earth destroy.
These things I see as the cloud
clears,

Here at the height of eighty years." I paused again and waited for his comment. It was once again brief, almost laconic: "So do I see those things here at the height of eighty years." That was all, but that was enough.

As Mr. Ford looked back, that day in the chapel, he could catch a panorama of at least sixty-five busy years. He could remember, more than sixty years ago, when he met, fell in love with and married Mrs. Ford, and he has said to me many a time, "The most important thing I ever did was to marry Mrs. Ford. I have always called her 'The Believer,' because she stuck by me and believed in me when most people did not."

He could remember that New Year's Day in 1914 when he boosted the Ford wage-scale from one-dollar-and-a-half a day to five dollars and brought about a revolution in wages in this nation, for when he did that all of American industry had to follow him.

Here is the way in which that came about. One cold rainy November day, Mr. Ford was walking through the Highland Park plant with his son, Edsel, walking just ahead. Both of them wore their hats and overcoats and were warmly clad, well-fed and smiling. As Edsel passed a drill press, Mr. Ford saw a look of hate go over the face of an Italian workman, who in a sudden fury jammed that ten-thousand-dollar press. Mr. Ford saw what had happened, guessed its cause, but said nothing to the workman.

That night he told Mrs. Ford what had happened and he said to her: "That workman saw Edsel walk past him, well-clad and well-fed. He probably came from a home where they didn't have enough to eat; probably sent his children



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"The Rickenbacker," one of the B-24 Liberator bombers constructed at Willow Run



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An assembly line at Willow Run, showing fuselages of B-24 Liberator bombers

off to school this morning without warm nourishing food and with holes in their shoes. He ruined that drill press because he isn't getting a fair wage. He hates me. But I'm soon going to make it impossible for any of my workmen to hate me. I don't know how I'll do it, but I'll do it."

On New Year's Day he asked several of his executives to come to the Highland Park offices for a conference about the business.

As they sat there he said to Charlie Sorenson, who is now in full charge of the bomber plant, "Charlie, could this business stand an increase of twenty-five cents a day in wages?"

Mr. Sorenson figured a few minutes. "Yes, we could, easily, Mr. Ford."

"Could we stand an increase of fifty cents a day for everybody?"

After some more figuring, Mr. Sorenson said, "Yes, we could."

"Try another twenty-five cents," said Mr. Ford eagerly.

"Yes, that's O.K. too."

"Try another twenty-five cents." And so it went all afternoon—twenty-five cents by twenty-five cents, until the wage-scale was raised from \$1.50 to \$4.50.

Then Mr. Ford called in the newspaper reporters and announced to the world that the Ford wage-scale from that week on would be \$4.50 a day.

James Couzens (later Senator Couzens), treasurer of the Ford Company, had been in New York attending a New Year's Eve party. He went back to Detroit on a night train and when he was eating his breakfast on the train, the newspapers were brought in and there he saw, for the first time, the story of that revolutionary raise in the Ford wage-

scale. He was dumbfounded and mad. He didn't even go home. He took a cab directly to the Ford Company offices, called on Mr. Ford, asked him if what he had read was true and when Mr. Ford admitted that it was true, he asked, "Why didn't you make it five dollars a day and break the company up right?"

"That's a good suggestion, Jim! That's just what I'll do. We made a mistake yesterday. The Ford wage-scale will be five dollars a day instead of four-fifty. I'll call the reporters and tell them right away."

And that is exactly what Mr. Ford did. Later, Senator Couzens, when he told me the story in an interview, added with a chuckle: "So you see, Doctor Stidger, I was really responsible for the five-dollar-a-day Ford wage-scale and the industrial revolution which followed!"

I remembered something I had heard Senator Couzens say about Mr. Ford back in 1932, before the Detroit Republican Club. He said: "I never loved a man or thought so much of a man in his place as I do of Mr. Ford. There never was a man who was kinder and more thoughtful than Henry Ford."

I reminded Mr. Ford of that and he smiled. "Jim was a good friend. Life has been full of good friends all along the way."

Then we turned to talking about the future, and Mr. Ford said: "This is going to be a better world after this war is over. Men are beginning to see that you can't build anything permanent on hate. The world is learning tolerance as never before. There will be more tolerance in the world because there will be more understanding. And probably the greatest thing that will come out of this war will be a Brotherhood of Man, you know the brotherhood Tennyson was talking about in 'Locksley Hall.'

"But speaking of the future, what was it Markham said in that short poem in his last book—that poem you told me about on your last visit. What was that anyway?"

I knew what he meant and I quoted it to him. The poem is called "The Look Ahead":

I am done with the years that were:

I am quits;

I am done with the dead and old.

They are mines worked out; I delved in their pits;

I have saved their grain of gold.

Now I turn to the future for wine and bread;

I have bidden the past adieu. I laugh and lift hands to the years ahead:

"Come on: I am ready for you!"

"That's just the way I feel," said Henry Ford. "I'm eighty but I say to the years ahead, 'Come on: I'm ready for you!'"

And there, good reader, speaks a truly great American.



By

THEODORE
ENGLISH

HALF the children in the United States are spiritually illiterate. They do not belong to any church; they do not go to Sunday school. What they know about God and religion has been learned informally at home—if at all.

How can the churches reach these young Americans? How can they be taught the principles of Christian conduct and the tolerance which have made America what it is?

Today Christian leaders have a partial answer; they call it "released time." Released time is an hour or more of the school week reserved by school and church authorities for religious instruction. Church groups generally provide the instruction, and school authorities excuse children to attend these classes upon request of their parents. Where they are well established, released time classes reach a higher proportion of

school children than Sunday schools, vacation church schools, and young people's societies combined. Marietta, Ohio, for instance, has had religious classes for grades one to six for seventeen years; of 1,600 eligible children, all but two attend. In Virginia attendance is ninety percent or better in schools having religious classes.

Throughout the country, released time has proved itself, but in New York City, where Protestants, Catholics, and Jews are about equal in a population one-third foreign born, it is being given its supreme test. Can voluntary religious instruction succeed with the world's largest school population—600,000 Catholics and Jews and 340,000 Protestants—less than half of whom go to Sunday school?

So far the results are encouraging. This year Protestants, Catholics, and Jews are holding released time classes in the five boroughs of New York City for thousands of children whose parents think they should know God as well as geography. The children are young—third to eighth grade—and energetic.

The teachers are sympathetic and skillful. Put the two together and you have the typical schoolroom; some fidgeting, a whisper here and there, and occasional remarks volunteered in surprise and awe. But the lessons sink in, for the teachers know the art of illustration and the effective use of notebooks and pencils. And the children are old enough to sense the importance of their lessons; through them they are gradually learning the principles of Christian conduct which have everlasting value.

In the Sunday school room of a Baptist church on the Upper West Side, Rev. Donald Edgar Hicks is discussing the early life of Jesus with a group of fourth, fifth, and sixth grade boys and girls. Their chairs are drawn up in a circle around a blackboard, and he is telling them about Jesus and John the Baptist. "John was preaching about the Kingdom of God," he explains.

"He's clever," a boy interrupts with a note of awe.

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Calmly and without comment, Dr. Hicks continues the story of Jesus' baptism and temptations. "Suppose you went to school one day and the teacher was absent, so they asked you to conduct the class."

"But we always have a substitute teacher," a realistic girl insists.

"But suppose there wasn't a substitute. Would you dismiss the class? That would be a temptation."

From just such simple, dramatic illustrations these children are comprehending the ways of God. Tolerance is another principle they learned—in a way they won't forget.

The day released time classes began, these children studied a play, "A Place of Refuge," adapted from a story, "The New Land," by Elma A. Levinger. They read the story of Reuben Mendoza, Roger Williams, and a Catholic exile from Spain. Struggling through a blizzard with his little son in his arms, Reuben came upon Roger Williams' cabin. Williams welcomed him and gave him food. Then the children enacted the final scene. As dawn came up the Catholic told his beads, Williams read from the Bible, and Reuben wrapped his prayer shawl about his shoulders and gazed to the East.

Pictures of the Roger Williams play were circulated throughout the country. Religious instruction in the world's largest city was news, but the papers forgot that New York's new program was only a milestone in a national movement which has been quietly teaching children the word of God for years.

William Wirt, superintendent of Gary, Indiana, schools probably originated released time. In the fall of 1913, he ordered school recreational facilities operated eight hours a day, but granted requests from parents that their children study music, dancing, and religion with outside teachers before closing time. Churches immediately grasped the opportunity; one over-zealous pastor even invaded school grounds in search of pupils. Two years later, 619 Gary students were enrolled in released time religious classes, and, in 1918, five of the city's Protestant denominations organized a board of religious education to extend the work.

Following Gary's example, other localities tried released time. By 1920 it was operating in eight mid-western cities. Through the twenties it continued to grow. The depression hindered the organization of new programs, but, by 1934, released time classes were operating in 383 communities in forty-one states. Total enrollment was 227,000.

In rural communities, released time classes are often held in school buildings; in cities, churches generally provide facilities. There is no regular list of textbooks or standard of accomplishment, but the goal is always the same: to develop a Christian character through study.

Many teachers find plays and stories more effective than textbooks. Fourth, fifth, and sixth graders in one school will remember Joseph's life because they enacted his experiences. In another city, children in a foreign neighborhood were always fighting their own world wars. The teachers started a geography course. Through plays, music, and talks, the children learned sympathy and tolerance. The Italians suddenly found that the Poles were pretty good after all.

Since 1935 the number of new released time classes has doubled. Today they are being held in forty-four states, where court decisions, special legislation, attorneys' general opinions, or common consent authorize public schools to cooperate with the churches.



Plowman's Dawn

There is a glory of the day
That city dwellers cannot know,
When night, in silence, steals away,
When sunshine comes and shadows go.

The early plowman in the field
Lifts up his eyes to coming morn,
And reverently he stays his task
And watches as the day is born.

The very trees seem now to stand
More silently, as if in prayer;
The song of bird is hushed and still,
There is a glory in the air.

He stands this moment prayerfully,
His feet pressed deeply in the sod;
How can the city dweller know
Such unity of man and God?

Winifred Marshall



One hundred twenty-six more school systems are planning programs, but 133 have discontinued them. The chief reason was poor teaching, which produced apathy in the community and in the sponsoring churches.

But choosing good teachers is only one step in organizing classes. First of all it takes energy and cooperation among men who believe that knowledge of God is the basis of good citizenship. New York's experience shows how such men can make this conviction bear fruit.

In 1923 a group of nine people representing each faith organized a committee to work for released time. The committee's most substantial accomplishment was made in court and not in the classroom. Released time was operating in suburban White Plains. A "free thinker" brought court action to abolish the program. The committee rushed to the aid of the churches. In 1927 released

time was held legal. A child's time, the court said, belonged to his parents. And if the parents wished, part of it could certainly be spent on religious education.

So released time began in New York. By 1940 Protestant classes were being held in 193 communities for 33,513 pupils. Religious classes were a fact, but their legal status was not defined. A second interfaith committee did this and started the present program in New York City. For three years a group of devout laymen of all faiths had been meeting in each other's homes to discuss the welfare of their country. They often talked about subversive activities. How could they combat them? Finally they decided that morality and religion were the best antidotes. So nine of these people—three from each faith—organized The Greater New York Interfaith Committee, and began a campaign to make weekday religious education a legal fact—and an opportunity for every child.

Help came from two unexpected sources. The New York State Chamber of Commerce adopted a resolution favoring religious instruction, so children would know and "live by the basic rules of life which each will find in his own religion." And the Board of Regents of the University of the State of New York gave its blessing. With this encouragement, the Interfaith Committee campaigned for a bill officially recognizing released time. The bill became law in 1940, and the Committee spoke for it at a meeting of the New York City Board of Education, where half a dozen policemen were required to keep 500 opinionated spectators from talking at once. Voting six to one, the Board adopted regulations for conducting released time classes: upon application of their parents, pupils would be let out an hour early one afternoon each week; and, most important, there was to be no comment from teachers.

The Interfaith Committee and the churches started classes less than three months after these regulations were adopted. During the rest of the year they were held from two to three every Wednesday afternoon in seven neighborhoods; Catholics and Jews held their own classes and many Protestant churches formed interdenominational groups. Started experimentally with grades three through six, the program was not intended to include more than a handful of the city's children, but attendance jumped from 3,000 to 10,000 in four months.

Are these classes effective? Yes! Last year, enrollment was 107,650 in the five boroughs with classes at 269 centers. These facts encourage the Interfaith Committee. "It is the expectation," says Walter M. Howlett, secretary of the committee, "that within the course of three to ten years all, or practically all, the children of New York City may be taught in released time after the faith of their fathers."



I visit the BARTEKS

By Francis C. Stifler

BEFORE the war he had run a spinning-machine in a rug mill. Now he is a war hero—and a legend. I had never met a man who was in the process of becoming a legend and I wanted to see one—especially since Johnny Bartek was becoming a legend in the conquering story of the Christian faith.

He lives only forty miles from my home but he has no telephone. As far as I know, no legendary character ever had a telephone. So I wrote him a special delivery letter. When several days had passed and I had received no answer, I took stock of my gas coupons and drove to his house.

There is no need here to retell the story that put John F. Bartek on the front page last December—the story of those frightful twenty-one days during which eight men drifted helplessly about in three little rubber rafts under a burning tropical sun. It will be told and retold, filmed and dramatized. You can read that story in three different books that have already been published: "Seven Came Through" by Captain Eddie Rickenbacker; "We Thought We Heard the Angels Sing" by James C. Whittaker; and "Life Out There" by Johnny Bartek himself.*

Johnny Bartek's story is the story of a boy who was brought up with a Bible in his hand, a boy in whose life the Bible played a major role, a boy whom his comrades on that ill-fated plane had seen reading his Bible before there was any intimation of danger, and hint of the need of a raft.

At a party for service men in Buffalo, N. Y., last Christmas day, Johnny Bartek and his sister Esther were the special guests. Responding to a toast Johnny said, "Everyone asks whether I was very deeply religious before our three weeks in the Pacific. Truthfully, I must answer, 'not very.' I always went to church but I did not have that all-out mys-



Johnny Bartek, who is rapidly becoming a legend in the conquering story of the Christian faith. Above in circle: Johnny in a plane

tical feeling many people have. I don't know that I have it even now. But I do know more than ever, now, that there is a God and a hereafter. Those three weeks and what happened in them, in answer to our prayers, left me forever with a deep faith. I'll never lose that."

Because he was just a private, Johnny was a bit hesitant about reading his Bible on the raft. In his Buffalo speech he said, "The next day, the sixth . . . things looked bad. I decided to take out my Bible. Captain Rickenbacker and the others seemed a little relieved when I started to read. I know I was. The next day I took out my Bible again, reading from it at random. Some of the parts I read seemed to fit exactly our predicament. I don't remember what they were now, but I knew then that something or someone was turning the pages to some very enlightening passages.

"The rest of the days went by with us praying and still hoping. Without the Bible we might have given up. But every so often we'd run across a passage that would force hope back into us like a dry sponge in a basin of water. I'm glad that plane fell—it took a lot of nonsense out of my life."

Now I wanted to know what was behind all this—behind the story of a boy who felt this way about God and His word. So, I went to his home. I found a modest little green-shingled cottage on the outskirts of Freehold, N. J.—a typical workingman's home. I found Charles and Mary Bartek, Johnny's parents who came to this country forty-one years ago from Czechoslovakia. They were Roman Catholics then, as were most of their friends in Czechoslovakia. Johnny was born and baptized a Catholic. But Johnny is not a Catholic now. He is a Baptist. About twenty years ago when Johnny was a toddler his parents attended some special meetings held for Czechoslovakians in East Orange, N. J. where they heard the gospel preached in a way that was new to them. It appealed to them and they accepted it.

I have always

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(*Reviewed in this issue; see "New Books To Read," p. 52
—Ed.)



The Bartek family. Left to right: Ruth (deceased), Sgt. Johnny, Mr. Bartek, Sr., Esther, Sophie, George, Paul and Mrs. Bartek

noticed that when Catholics become Protestants, and especially when they join that branch of the Protestant church known as the Baptist, in which there is little or no ecclesiastical establishment, they instinctively replace the *church* with the *Bible* as their earthly seat of religious authority. They become Bible-centered Christians. This is true of Charles and Mary Bartek. To them the Scriptures are changeless and infallible. Their home and their being is built upon the plain teachings of the Book. To them there is no more important part of the church than the Sunday school, where this Book is taught. The preaching service where the Bible is expounded, is equally important.

I had not been long in the Bartek home when I discovered why my letter had not been answered. Under the parlor table were five large boxes stuffed with letters that had been pouring in from all over the country.

Johnny, of course, was not home. His sick leave had expired and he was back with his buddies on the West Coast—no longer a private; he's a sergeant now.

When we had looked at the letters and the many gifts and souvenirs that had come, I ventured to ask if I could see the famous Testament that Johnny had read on the raft. Mrs. Bartek brought it from Johnny's bureau drawer and put it in my hand. It had been bound with imitation leather that was now limp and faded. It had a zipper fastener which now hung limp around the edges of the ruined binding. Both the cover and the pages were silken smooth with the effect of the salt water. But it was still the Book.

Some features of this Bible of Johnny's suggested the universality of God's Word. It was published by The Westminster Press, Philadelphia, bore the imprint of the Presbyterian Church; it had been purchased at the Baptist Publication So-

Johnny by his Baptist Church in Freehold. It contained both the New Testament and Psalms. Mr. and Mrs. Bartek, Earl E. Dix, the Baptist Sunday School Superintendent in Freehold, sister Esther and I sat around the dining-room table as I took the Book in my hand. There seemed but one thing to do—to turn to the closing verses of the sixth Chapter of Matthew, the passage the boys on the rafts had agreed to read every day whatever else they read. It seemed perfectly natural to read those wonderful verses aloud. There was a solemn hush as the last verse was read, "Take therefore no thought for the morrow: for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." When the reading was over there was nothing to do but pray.

In his public addresses following the rescue, Johnny has often said that he never wanted this precious volume to pass from his personal possession. He has also said that he would always be glad to speak when invited by churches and other religious groups. "If my experiences," he said, "can help anyone to understand God a little better, or put someone straight who may be in doubt, I certainly will help."

As I held that Book in my hand that evening I was convinced that the Book, if Johnny would only lend it to me, could speak for him to thousands of people he would never have a chance to talk to.

"Do you suppose," I asked, "that Johnny would let me borrow his Bible for a display at the Bible House in New York?" I offered to handle it personally in New York and to return it personally to Freehold when its usefulness as an exhibit was over. I offered to construct a special locked case to display it in and to keep it in the Bible House safe each night.

The family was enthusiastic about the idea so I wrote to Johnny. In three days I had his air-mail reply: "If you wish to use the New Testament you have my permission, for I know you will take good care of it and I feel sure it will be a great help to thousands." The letter closed in a way that reveals his lovable boyish (Continued on page 49)

By ANNE
TEDLOCK
BROOKS

BEGINNING A NEW SERIAL BY THE POPULAR AUTHOR OF "PADDLEWHEELS CHURNING." HERE ANNE BROOKS WRITES OF GREAT-HEARTED AND LOVELY KATHERINE CARSON, WHO JOINS THE FIGHT OF MODERN SCIENCE AGAINST THE SCOURGE OF INFANTILE PARALYSIS, IN AN EFFORT TO "FORGET"—AND FINDS LOVE AND ADVENTURE SHE HAD NEVER DREAMED OF. THE TALE UNFOLDS AGAINST AUTHENTIC BACKGROUNDS OF HOSPITAL DRAMA AND MISSOURI SMALL-TOWN LIFE.

TO HER mother, she was "Kathie," to her father, "Kitty," to Grandpa, "Kate"; but best of all, she was "Kit" to Stephen Chandler who lived next door. Katherine Carson had lived all of her happy childhood years in the sprawling white house that sat in the middle of the Old Orchard.

When she was seventeen, she had gone one day to the basement workshop and with the help of her younger brother Hank, had cut out a jagged-edged sign which read importantly, "Orchard Acres." She never turned into the drive shaded with gnarled old sycamores, without remembering the day she nailed up the sign.

It was intriguing, in its rough-edged splendor, white with Old English lettering spelling out the name she and Hank had decided to give the family estate. It mattered not that the let-



[PART ONE]

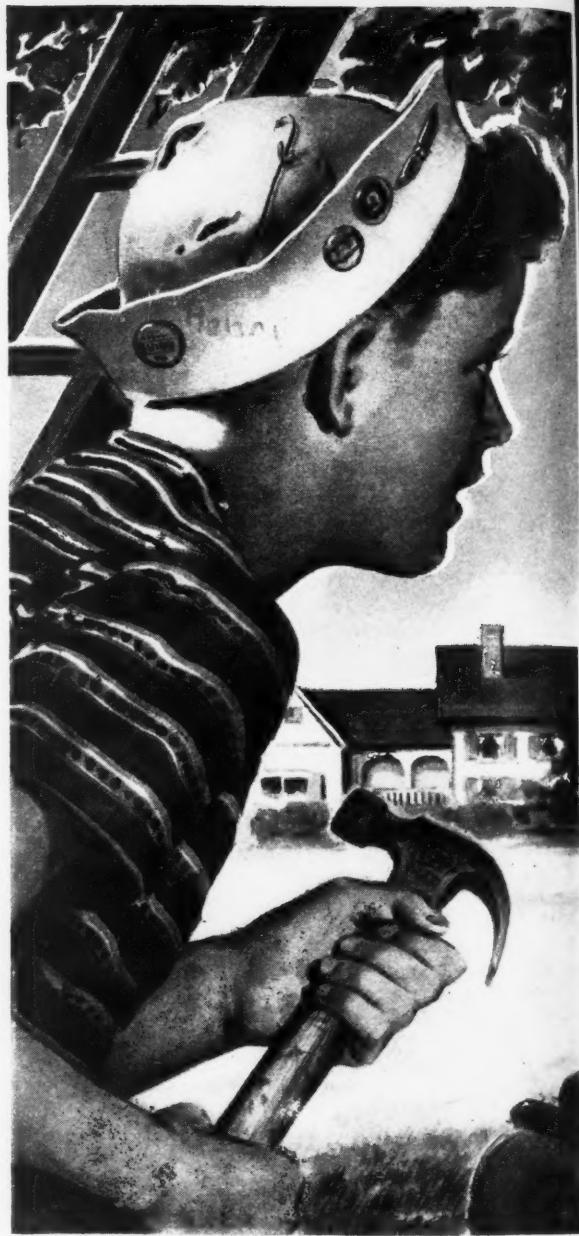
ters wobbled, and that the "i" looked like a "b" because Hank refused to do it over again. It was gracious and hospitable, and best of all, beckoning.

"I told your Pa the place should have a name the day he bought it," said Grandpa from the rocker on the porch. "Mind you don't fall off the ladder when you nail it up now, Kate."

"Oh, Kathie, do be careful," her mother said. Susan Carson gave little heed to what was going on for it was past time for her husband to be home for supper, and she couldn't imagine what was keeping him. She went on with her biscuit cutting just inside the bright kitchen door.

Katherine remembered how she and Hank had argued about the place the sign should hang. "But Hank, I've planned for months to put it right there on that huge old sycamore."

"All right, have it your way," Henry finally agreed. "But



Illustrator PHIL BERRY

tomorrow when you decide to move it, don't expect me to get the ladder out again."

She stood, stretching up her arms to reach the knob which was just perfect for the sign, when they heard the horn of Stephen Chandler's car. He slowed down to see what they were doing and sat there watching Katherine as she hammered the nails into place.

Kitty hurried; Stephen Chandler was home from medical school for a few weeks' vacation, and Katherine wanted to talk to him about something that was mighty important in her eyes. He got out of the car and came up to the foot of the tree. "Let me help you hold the ladder, Hank. That second rung from the top doesn't look any too good, Kit, better skip it, and take the next one."

Kitty felt for the **CHRISTIAN HERALD JULY 1943 • PAGE 22**



"Gee, Steve, you're as good as your father," said Henry, in high admiration

third step and in her anxiety to reach the ground quickly, she slipped. She hung precariously for a moment, then slid down, scraping her wrists and landing in Stephen's strong arms.

He placed her carefully on her feet and said, "Here, you're all right. Let me get my first-aid bag."

A strange feeling had come over Kitty as she stood there waiting for him. Stephen Chandler—soon to be Dr. Chandler—was going to take care of her scratches. Henry, in wide-eyed surprise at the blood which trickled from a long scratch on her right arm, was amazingly subdued.

Stephen was back then, and said in his deep voice, "Sit down and lean against the tree."

Her lips quivered as the antiseptic stung the open scratch, and she saw Stephen's dark sympathetic eyes upon her for an instant. He silently went ahead with his work and finished with a little swagger, proud of the expertness of his job.

"Gee! Steve, you're as good as your father," said Henry admiringly.

PAGE 23 • CHRISTIAN HERALD JULY 1943 But Stephen dis-

counted it lightly, saying, "Oh, that's nothing! You should have seen the work I helped him with last week when the boiler exploded at Number Nine." He gave a sudden glance at Katherine's face and changed the subject. It was ghastly, that experience; if he had not had laboratory work behind him, he could not have taken it so calmly.

"Go on, Stephen, I know it was pretty terrible."

"No," he said abruptly. "It's late; Mother will be waiting dinner."

Katherine felt withdrawn, and knew she could not approach her subject now so she said rather stiffly, "Well, thanks so much for the first-aid."

Stephen had been loath to tell of the work that had taken place in the improvised hospital for the seven men who had been injured in the previous week's accident. He knew how his mother hated the recounting of her husband's day. He kept thinking of Katherine's face though, as he drove slowly on. She was not like his mother. Mrs. Chandler, who felt that Society had been unfair to preclude her because her husband

was not always available, had become one of the town's leading club women. That suited her husband, for he had rather she spent her time doing good than basking in the social limelight.

Stephen grew up rather lonely, feeling that his mother had but little time for him, as she was involved in committee meetings and executive sessions of this and that organization until her days were endlessly filled. He knew a different atmosphere existed at the Carsons.

He had felt at home there from the first day he had ridden by on his pony and saw a little girl sitting under the very tree from which now suspended the sign, "Orchard Acres." A perambulator, with a sleeping baby, stood near the little girl with the bright curls.

As he walked his pony slowly by, she had looked up from her book and smiled at him. He saw then that her eyes were very blue, and that her mouth was warm and generous. He pulled Smoky up short and said, "Hello."

"Hello," she answered. After a moment's strained silence, she went on, "You're Dr. Chandler's son, aren't you? I'm Katherine Carson."

His face broke into a delighted grin. "Kit Carson! The pioneer!"

She laughed. "It's a good name, Grand says. And somewhere back along the family line, I s'pose there's a sort of relationship, and I'm proud of it."

"Sure! Why not? I'd be awfully proud of it, too. My name's Stephen Chandler. Just call me Steve."

The next day she wasn't there, and he felt disappointed, but that night he heard the telephone ring after he had gone to bed and his father's voice, "Of course, Mr. Carson, I'll come immediately."

It was measles and when Katherine was over them, the baby had them and it was weeks before he talked to Katherine again. School began and distance crept between their growing friendship. Stephen was sent to a military school at Lexington, and Katherine, a freshman at high school, felt the difference in their ages, and forgot him temporarily.

Stephen did not forget the Carsons though during his Christmas holiday. For he had kept looking forward anxiously to the time that he could go see them and find out how everything was going. Grandpa had unwittingly told him that things were not so easy at the Carson household. His son had invested some hard-earned wages in an oil well, down in Oklahoma, that had failed. Grand had been pretty severe on his son, Stephen remembered, and had confidingly told him that Henry, Sr., was a dreamer.

Stephen often recalled the old man's words. He had said them with a dreamy look in his faded blue eyes, and had spoken softly. "Taint likely, Son, that a man wouldn't ever have any dreams. Taint good for his soul to not have dreams. But, mark you, it's a good thing to know when to follow your hunches, and when to keep plugging away on the

old familiar things." A shrewd philosophy, if you could carry it out. And in later years, it came to Stephen that the philosophy that Grand handed out in everyday talk was one of the most important factors in his life.

"Don't dilly-dally, Kate. Make up your mind. World's not a-goin' to wait on you to always weigh things up and look at 'em from all sides. Make quick decisions. You won't always have time to consider things from all angles." This, when Katherine was trying to make up her mind which dress to wear to the Senior banquet. The blue one, which her mother had made over from her own best dress, or the pink organdie which Stephen's mother had sent to her. The blue one would please her mother, for she had spent many, many nights on it. The pink one would please Mrs. Chandler, who would be sitting on the terrace to wave at Katherine as she went by, and would certainly look to see if she were wearing the dress she had given her.

And Stephen who had been in the living room when Grand gave his advice, knew that Katherine had wanted to please her mother more than she had wanted to satisfy his mother's selfish expectation. Stephen intensely disliked his own summing-up of his mother's traits, for he had an instinctive yearning to glorify womanhood. Susan Carson, Kit's mother, was practically everything one would want in a mother. She had an unlimited amount of understanding patience with her children, it seemed to Stephen.

There was Kit, young Henry and the baby, Dianthe, who was extravagantly pretty in a pink and white way. Kit, at seventeen, was graduating from high school, and Stephen was home for spring vacation. He was excited to find upon coming home that Kit was graduating the next week, and had driven in to town to get her a present.

Kit was trying to decide about the dress when he arrived daringly unabashed with the first present he had ever given a girl. He handed it to her quite calmly saying, "Here's a little something for your graduation gift."

She unwrapped it, with a warm glow stealing over her. "A compact! How pretty!"

Stephen's mind had gone back over these things as he turned into the drive of his home. He always felt refreshed after contact with anyone in the Carson family. Summer was going fast, his vacation was almost gone, soon he would be leaving for his last year at Washington University. After that it was to be Johns Hopkins at Baltimore, for he was going to specialize in spinal surgery.

He had found the house painfully quiet. His mother was still asleep, he supposed. Her afternoon naps had lengthened and it was usually six now before she came down from her room.

(Continued on page 45)

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"Don't dilly-dally, Kate. Make up your mind. World's not a-goin' to wait on you to always weigh things up and look at 'em from all sides. Make quick decisions"

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Mr. Babson, right, receiving congratulations upon his nomination as Presidential candidate of the Prohibition Party

Statistician

LET me ask those who are interested in making an impartial study of temperance to read Fletcher Dobyns' book, "The Amazing Story of Repeal."

After reading this book, written by a competent attorney, I am willing that readers should form their own judgment on the subject. As to the economic aspects—these indicate a waste of \$5,000,000,000 a year which, in normal times, is a good share of the national income, especially as this money comes largely from those who should not waste it. I further believe that it could be demonstrated that this \$5,000,000,000 indirectly undermines character, health, intelligence and other basic assets which would double or triple this amount.

The only question worthy of debate is whether or not people should be free to do what they wish. In other words, should the sale of liquor to certain groups, or under certain conditions, or in toto, be forbidden? Frankly, I am tired of the prevailing idea today that liquor should be permitted while other things should be prohibited. This is a fallacious idea spread by the liquor interests in a most dangerous manner. The success of democracy absolutely depends upon prohibition applied to various departments of living.

To start with, we are prohibited from getting married and raising a family without first getting a license from the city clerk. We are prohibited from entering certain professions such as medicine, law, etc., without first passing an examination and getting a license. In certain states, working women at night and employing children under a certain age are prohibited. Civilization is built on the word "prohibition," and there is no rhyme or reason for eliminating liquor from the list. Furthermore, if there were no profit in the liquor business, prohibition would get an almost unanimous vote. The automobile industry could not exist unless drivers were forbidden to do various things in connection with the use and operation of cars. All transportation, all industry, all



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They speak for TEMPERANCE

THIS is the fifth of a series of statements on the liquor question written for Christian Herald by twelve outstanding leaders. The opinions expressed are not necessarily those of Christian Herald.

By Roger W. Babson

commerce depend on prohibiting certain actions. The passing of red lights and the passing of bogus checks are prohibited, and all good citizens are for this legislation.

It is for the above reasons that I was called to serve as a Presidential candidate for the Prohibition Party at the last election. Although I received less than 100,000 votes, I was proud of the honor and was glad of the opportunity to speak for temperance. I am still speaking for temperance, but I go further and say that it will come about only through some form of prohibition.

SILENT PARTNERS

By RALPH W.
SOCKMAN

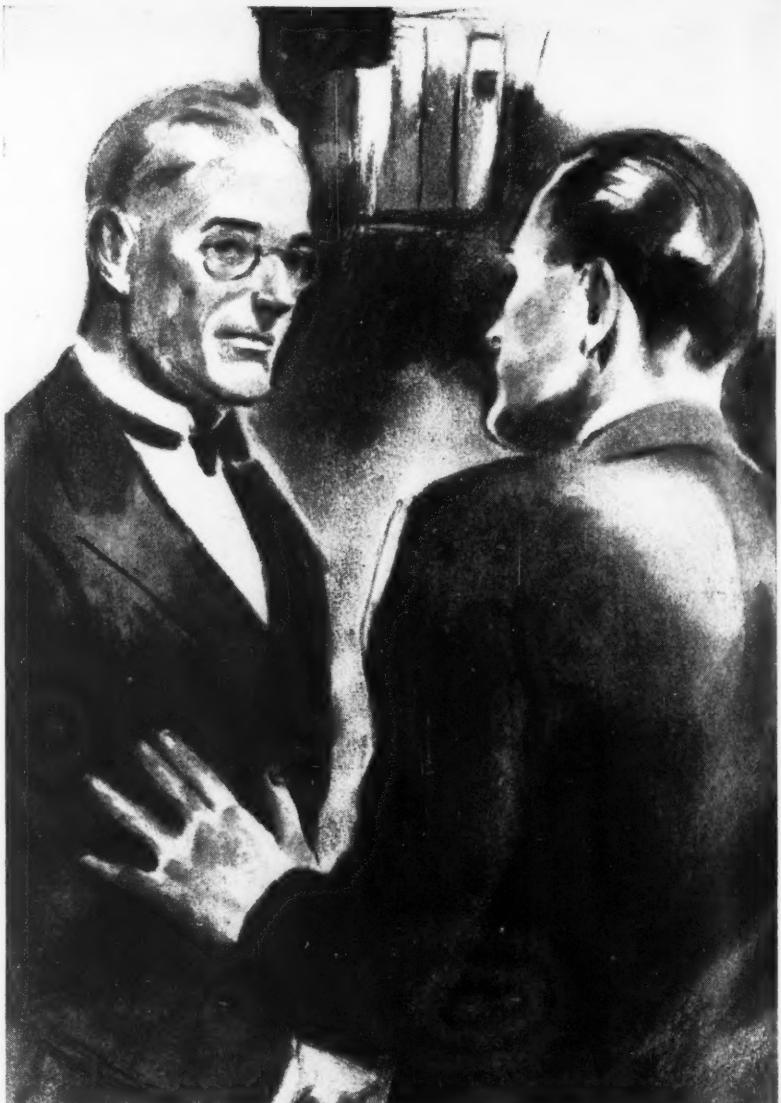
A FRIEND of mine appeared some time ago in a motion picture newsreel and now his photograph is on record in our national archives. This publicity is not due to any distinguished merit of his own, but merely to the fact that he is a friend of a prominent person and he happened to be standing by at a historical moment. Similarly in the Bible character of Philemon we have a man who would not be known to history had he not happened to be standing by, in such a moment, beside Paul.

We do not know where Philemon lived. We have no work from his pen. But we do know that he was one on whom Paul counted for the refreshing of his own soul. He was one for whom Paul prayed daily. He was such a fellow-spirit that when Paul writes him a letter asking him to take back a runaway slave, Paul says: "If thou count me therefore a partner, receive him as myself." Philemon, in short, was one of Paul's silent partners. He was one of those who stood by in the shadow, yet by standing there enabled Paul to do his mighty missionary work which changed the channels of history.

The thought of Philemon, and friends like him, recalls the description which Dr. John Henry Jowett once gave of Paul. Jowett said Paul's mind resembled that of a skylark in its motion. Paul would mount up like an ethereal minstrel pilgrim of the sky to the point where he could survey the world. The world was his parish. But, said Jowett, just as the skylark keeps its nest on the ground in order to keep its body warm, so Paul kept his local nesting places in order to keep his spirit warm and personal. In Philemon's friendship we see one of those local nesting places wherein Paul maintained the warmth of his spirit. Philemon was one of Paul's silent partners.

Let us think a little about these silent partnerships of life. Life begins in a partnership. And the family if wholesome is a partnership of free minds wherein the experiences of the elders supplement and safeguard the experiments of the younger.

The mere fact of marriage or the family, of course, does not guarantee a genuine partnership. One thinks of Socrates,



SEMINON

whose wife Xantippe was such a termagant that one can pardon the schoolboy's slip when in an examination paper he wrote that Socrates "died of an overdose of wedlock." Socrates' experience of wedlock was almost as disastrous as his dose of hemlock. But despite certain exceptions, when we look closely at the great figures of history, we see standing

behind them those silent partners who sustained them and made their work possible.

We think, for instance, of Nathaniel Hawthorne, who lost his position in the customs house and came home utterly defeated to tell his wife that he was a failure. But to his surprise she greeted

his dismal tidings with delight, saying, "Now you can write your book." And with her encouragement he wrote what is commonly considered America's greatest novel, "The Scarlet Letter." Or one thinks of Disraeli's wife, who knew the mercurial temperament of her brilliant husband so well that whenever she learned by advance messenger that he had suffered a hard day in the British Cabinet, she would welcome him home at night with all the lights turned on, for she knew how sparkling lights would lift his spirits.

How effective are these silent partnerships of home and friendship! They are so subtle that some silent partners do not realize the help they render. Many of the letters which we receive are from shut-ins or persons no longer able to be active participants in money-making pursuits. Sometimes the writers express their regret at their enforced inactivity; and yet their letters breathe such a Christian spirit of hopefulness and sympathy that the reader knows their influence is an immeasurable help to the active members of the family.

But these silent partnerships go still further. Consider the most seemingly solitary thing you can do. Suppose you shut yourself into your room to read a book. Thereby you enter into partnership with the author of that book. Or suppose you listen to music. What a partnership that is between composer and listener! And if you hear the music in the solitude of your own room, by radio, the participants in that partnership are vastly increased. In fact what is there so personal that of it you can say, "This is nobody's business but my own?" If you refer to your work, it certainly is not true; for the business of the world is now so interrelated that the increase of Japanese tanks "on the road to Mandalay" decreases the number of motor cars on the streets of Manhattan; the arrival of a dynamic General MacArthur in Australia lifts the stock markets of New York and Chicago. Nor can you say of your own health that it is purely your own business. What you do with your body is a community concern. Even our personal habits are of public moment, for each of us radiates an influence whose limits none of us can know.

No man liveth unto himself or dieth unto himself, or sinneth unto himself. My sin is not woven into the fabric of society as a thread is woven into a garment. If it were, I might separate it from others as I can pull a thread out of the coat I am wearing. But I can no more remove the results of the sin I committed yesterday than I could go down to Memphis, Tennessee and separate from the Mississippi the water which flowed in from the Ohio River. Our sins flow together. I may be the most careful driver on the highway and be killed through the carelessness of others. Yes, we are involved in a part-

nership far more pervasive than we commonly realize.

And I am dwelling on this fact of partnership for a reason. We are being made aware, and quite properly, of our invisible enemies. We are on the alert for their subversive activities in our midst. But we ought also to be conscious of our invisible allies. We need to feel the presence of these silent partners in order to sustain us in the strain of these dark days, just as every husband knows how he is buoyed in the midst of burdensome work by the thought of a loving heart that waits for him at home and beats faster when his steps are heard at the door.

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We need the sense of these silent partners in order to mellow our spirits. It would be easy just now to fall into the mood of bitterness and self-pity and defeat, like that which Elijah felt when he fled from the pursuing and vindictive Jezebel. There under the juniper tree, Elijah bemoaned the hardness and loneliness of his lot, saying, "And I, even I only, am left." Then the word of the Lord came to the dejected prophet bidding him go back and see how many there were who had not bowed the knee to Baal. And when Elijah returned to find how many there were of like mind, his spirits were restored. Yes, in these dark days we need the fellowship of kindred minds.

Moreover, we need to feel this sense of partnership in order to preserve a

proper spirit of stewardship. When we realize that we at home are the silent partners of those brave lads on faraway battle fronts, then, and only then, will we truly learn to conserve our time, our labor, and our materials. We may pass laws rationing rubber, sugar, and other commodities, but we shall not get into the spirit of those laws until—well, until we feel somewhat as David felt in the Cave of Adullam. David's army had come into the vicinity of his birthplace at Bethlehem, and David expressed the wish that he might drink again from the old well of his boyhood. Whereupon three of his soldiers, at great personal risk, ran the gauntlet of the Philistine army to procure for David a cup of water from Bethlehem's well. When David realized what they had done, he cried, "Be it far from me, O Lord, that I should do this: is not this the blood of the men that went in jeopardy of their lives?"—and he would not drink it.

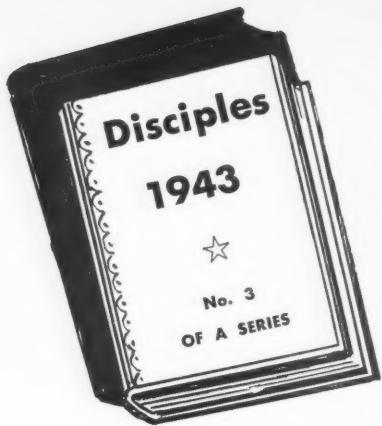
When Paul was trying to arouse in the Ephesians an awareness of their alliances in the Christian enterprise, he called upon them to "Comprehend with all saints what is the breadth and length and depth and height, and to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge that ye might be filled with all the fullness of God."

In that same spirit, let us look for a moment at the range of our invisible alliances. What is the breadth of them? We recognize the intimate circles of partnership in home and friendship, and in a general way, in community and nation. But is our sense of partnership broad enough to feel a kinship with those in our town who live, as we say, "on the wrong side of the railroad tracks?"

Does our breadth of sympathy reach across the sea to the people of Britain whose sacrifices we sometimes seem to forget? Is our sense of partnership broad enough to bridge differences of race so that we Americans can rid ourselves of those prejudices and discriminations which now disfigure our democracy? As Pearl Buck has pointed out, these racial antagonisms in America furnish Japan with her heaviest propaganda in winning the sympathies of the Chinese and Indian peoples away from the white nations. Are we broad enough to feel a silent partnership with those Christians within the Axis nations who are reported to be praying, even now, for a just and durable peace? If we could but realize it, there are bands of Christians who at this moment, on both sides of the battle fronts, are binding us by golden chains of prayer about the throne of God.

And what about the length of our invisible spiritual alliances? It staggers belief sometimes to see to what lengths our secret enemies will go in their subversive activities. Hate and anger can be so ingenious in their devilishness, but good will seems often so stupid and short of breath! To what length will we go in fol-

(Continued on page 55)



A Samaritan in Sheriff's Clothing

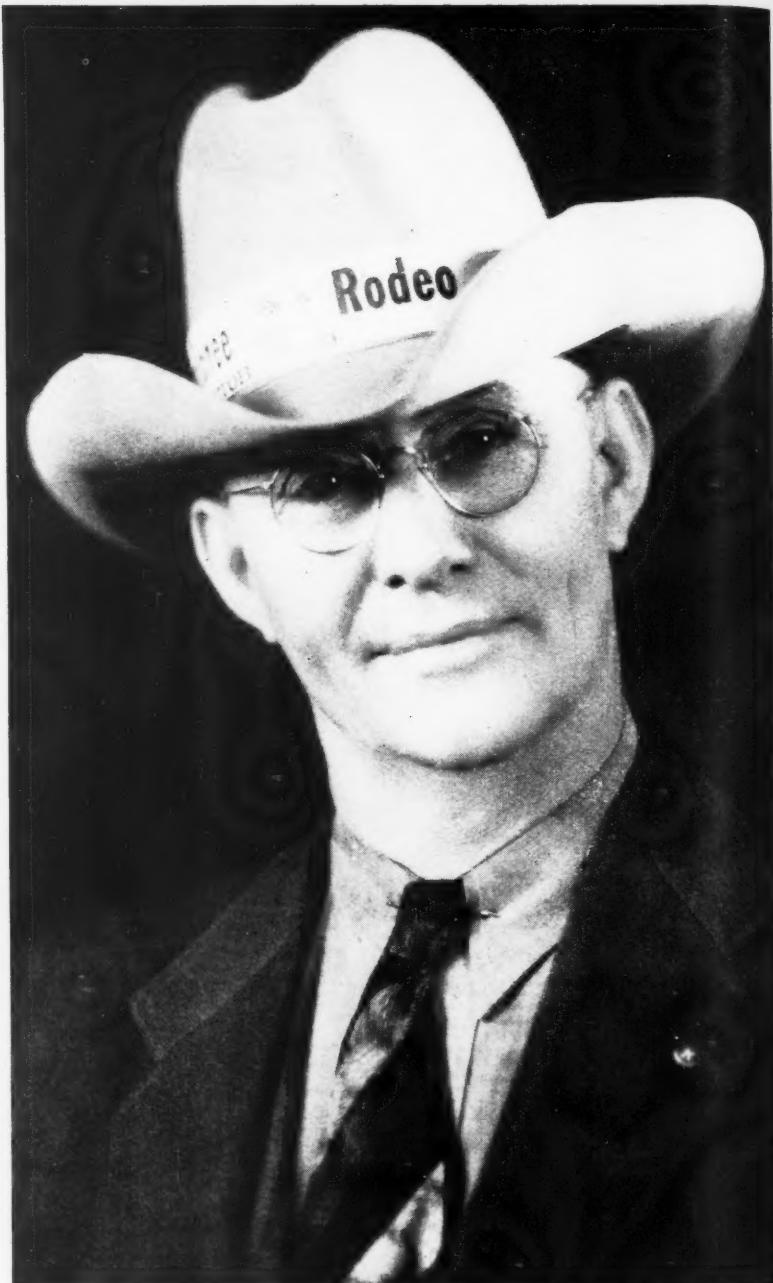
BY GRACE CRISMAN

TOM CANNON is sheriff of Chelan County, Washington—and a man with a hobby. The hobby is people—particularly young people. Elected to arrest the wayward and protect the law-abiding, Tom helps both by loving them. His love is as practical and self-evident as the badge on his vest.

It all started back in 1927, when Tom was a fireman on the Great Northern Railroad. He begged a leave of absence from the Great Northern in order to become a policeman because, as he puts it, "I was always interested in youngsters, and I thought that as a police officer I might get acquainted with them and become their friend." As a traffic cop, he made the children like him; then he proceeded to take a job that should have made every youngster in town hate him: he became a truant officer. And then he really began to know youngsters, and they really began to love him.

He heard mothers say, "I'd like to send Jimmie to school, but he hasn't any shoes." He realized then that the cure for truancy wasn't Truant School or Reform School, but—shoes! When a boy stayed home in cold weather because he didn't have a warm overcoat, Tom got him the overcoat.

Soon he was supplying furniture, stoves, neckties, shingles for the roof—anything, everything that might be needed. He became a Good Samaritan in a police prowler-car. A young woman about to become a mother got a layette; an old lady with bad eyes got a pair of glasses and a reading-lamp. Parolees



SIMMER STUDIO, WENATCHEE, WASH.

Sheriff Tom Cannon from the state reformatory needed money to get home; Tom was there with the cash—and a young criminal-in-the-making became a useful citizen.

He asks only one question: "What do you need?" Clothing stores know him, welcome him; one clothing merchant said to his clerk, "Take Tom in the stockroom and give him what he needs at wholesale price, and then cut that price in two."

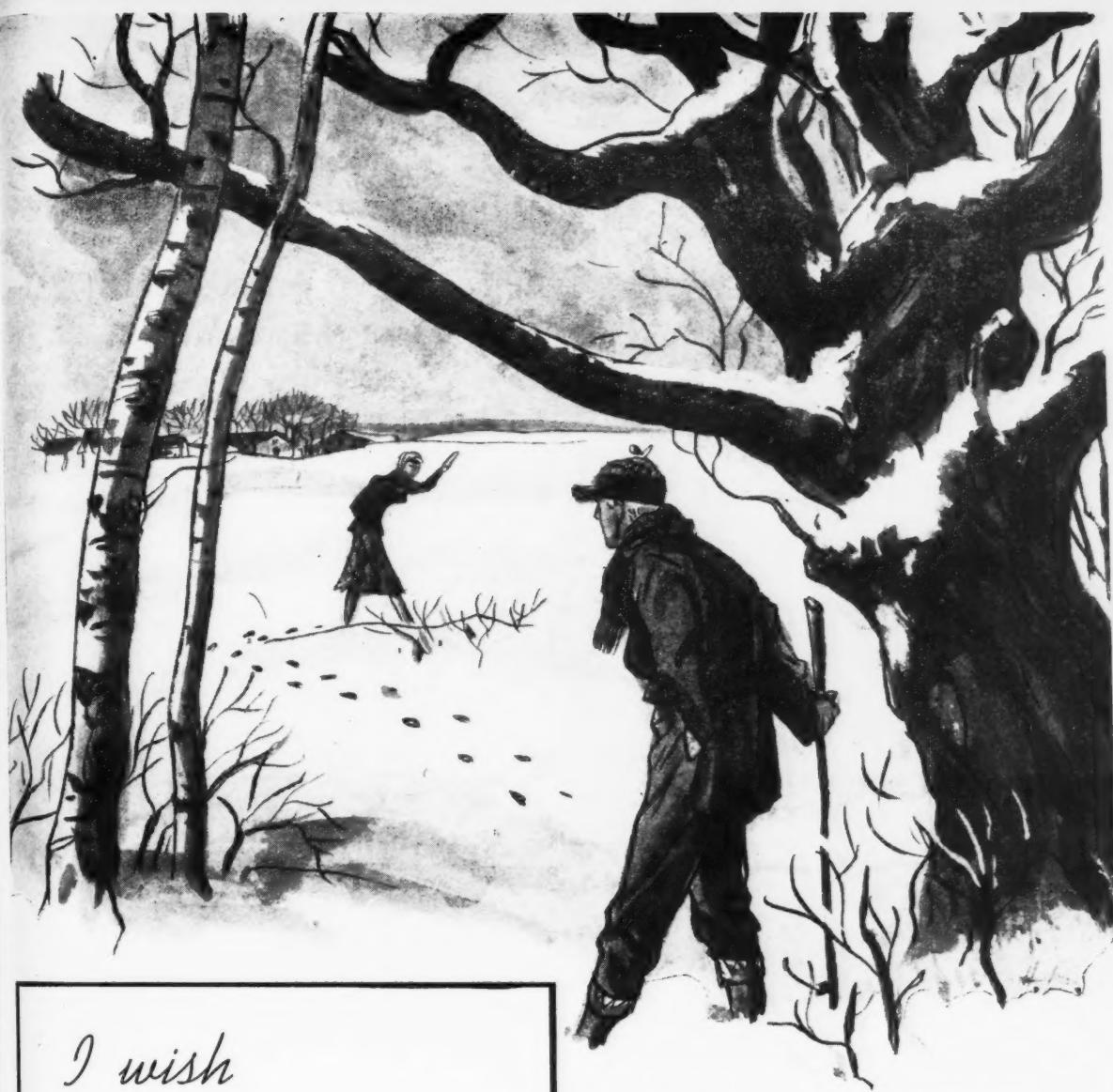
One bitter winter night he found a family freezing in a shack; that's a good time for a desperate father to raid a lumberyard and get himself arrested. Tom went with the father to the lumberyard; they took what they needed, and

when Tom turned up next morning to settle the bill, the boss of the yard wouldn't take a cent.

The deputy-sheriffs and the girls in the office give their time, gratis, helping him to stop crime before the crime is committed. The Elks and the American Legion are with him. The county gives him all its legally-killed game for distribution to anyone standing in the need of food.

"Yes," says Sheriff Tom, "it's my hobby. Every man ought to have a hobby."

It would be a great world to live in if more of us had a hobby like this!



I wish I could tell you

I said, "Good-by, Victoria," and watched you as you walked back across the dull winter field, out of my sight, out of my life

By Loula Grace Erdman

IN TWO PARTS—PART TWO

Y FATHER did not tell me his news before the others next morning. Instead, he waited until the two of us were out in the field, repairing fences. He pointed to the land lying between us and the Big House.

"The land is ours, now," he said.
"Ours—" I repeated stupidly.

"I bought it yesterday—at the courthouse door, for taxes. She cannot drive us off now. Let that be a lesson to you—we have saved while she has spent. That is the way we will buy the Big House, some day."

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He left me. I dug post holes deep, stretched wire tight. I saw the earth, gray-brown under winter's touch, stretching out before me. Land that had been yours, and was now ours. The memory of last night was warm in my heart; I looked toward the Big House, hoping to see you, knowing that you were coming home for the week-end. Old Mrs. Albright's coupe drove in, and I suspected, with a quickening of my pulse, that you were in it.

It was nearly noon when I saw you coming toward me, almost running across the dun field. What a scene you must

have had with Aunt Letitia to have put that white seal of fear on your face.

"Eric," you said breathlessly, hardly waiting to reach me before you began, "Eric—I've never seen her so furious. I'm afraid—I'm afraid she'll do you some sort of harm—"

It was the land. I remembered my father's words "She can't drive us off, now." I felt strong and sure. I said, "You mustn't worry, Victoria. There is no way she can harm us." And then I added, suddenly wanting you to know it was all a surprise to me as well, "You don't think I knew about it—about the

land, do you? Because I didn't—not till my father told me this morning."

"It wouldn't make any difference to me if you had," you said. "There's more than we need—more than we can keep. It's terrible for her to feel so."

"I'm sorry," I told you.

"And I came to tell you good-by," you went on. "I'm going away; I'm leaving Monday for Lindenwood."

And then I knew that Mrs. Albright had been awake last night. It was not hard to imagine how it looked to the old lady, peering down on us from her window. Small wonder that she had rushed out to tell Aunt Letitia about it.

"Do you want to go?" I asked.

"No."

"Then why do you?"

"Because—" you began slowly as if you did not quite know yourself. "Because I'm afraid of Aunt Letty. No, not that exactly. Because I haven't the heart to cross her. I'm all she has left. All that ever mattered to her is gone. My going away to school is a sort of symbol to her. I wish I could make you understand."

I understood better than you knew. Aunt Letitia was taking you away from me, and from all I stood for. New life, pulsing and crude, crowding in on the ways and lands once sacred to her and her kind. She must have faced things, feeling that in time the Big House would come to us, or some of our kind. That she could not help. But you she could put forever beyond my reach.

You said, "Good-by, Eric. I must go, before she suspects I've been here. She—she might try to make things hard for you."

I wanted to tell you that there was nothing she could do to hurt me, to take away the memory of you. I wanted to cry out all sorts of brave fine things such as poets said at parting. But I just stood there, a big strapping farm lad clad in faded blue overalls, and looked at you. The heart of me was singing with love for you, and I think you must have felt it, in the way women have of sensing such things.

I said, "Good-by, Victoria," and watched you as you walked back across the dull winter field, out of my sight, out of my life.

There was no flavor to school, with you gone. I gave up the Periclean Society, giving as my excuse the fact that I was needed at home. The football season was over, and I did not go into basketball.

Loneliness closed down on me. I stood it as long as I could, and then I wrote to you.

I said that school was lonesome without you, and everyone missed you. I said we had had the biggest snow in years, and that the weight of it had broken off a limb of the elm tree back of the big barn. I told you Doc Billings said Aunt Letitia's cold was better. I said I hoped you were having a good time, and that I was your sincere friend, Eric Larsen.

That was about all. But it should have gone down with all the great love letters of the world. If you could have seen me hesitating one entire evening over whether I should say, "Dear Victoria" or "Dear Friend," you would have known what the mere act of writing your name meant to me. I changed "I miss you" to "everyone misses you" only after realizing that the first words were so revealing of the terrible hunger I felt for you that I dared not let them go.

I think you must have guessed all the things I dared not say, for your answer was kind. It said that it had been good to hear from me, and that nobody else thought to tell you the things you were interested in. You said you hated to tell me, more than you could ever put into words, that I must not write any more. You had promised Aunt Letitia. I was not to feel hurt; I was to try to understand.

It was something just to have my name written in your hand. I carried it about with me wherever I went, partly because I did not want Karl or Ingborg finding it and making comments, and partly because I liked the comforting feel of it there in my pocket. I had it there that strange morning two months later—the morning of April 6, 1917.

There was a crowd of boys talking together when I came up.

"War's been declared," they told me.

And Dick Barnett said, "I'm enlisting."

And so he did. And lots of others, as well, before that strange summer was over. But I didn't go. I had reason enough for exemption, goodness knows, the way farmers were needed for raising the things that kept the army going. Even so I could have gotten in, had I wanted to, for Karl was old enough to help at home. But I didn't try.

I don't know how to explain it exactly, but that war didn't mean anything at all to me. I wasn't unpatriotic—I guess I was just non-patriotic. I had moved to Missouri a Swede, and a Swede I had stayed. Nobody bothered to teach me that I was an American, and somehow, I just failed to learn it for myself. I wanted America to win, all right, but it never occurred to me that it was my business to help her do it. I had what I considered a far more important job on my hands.

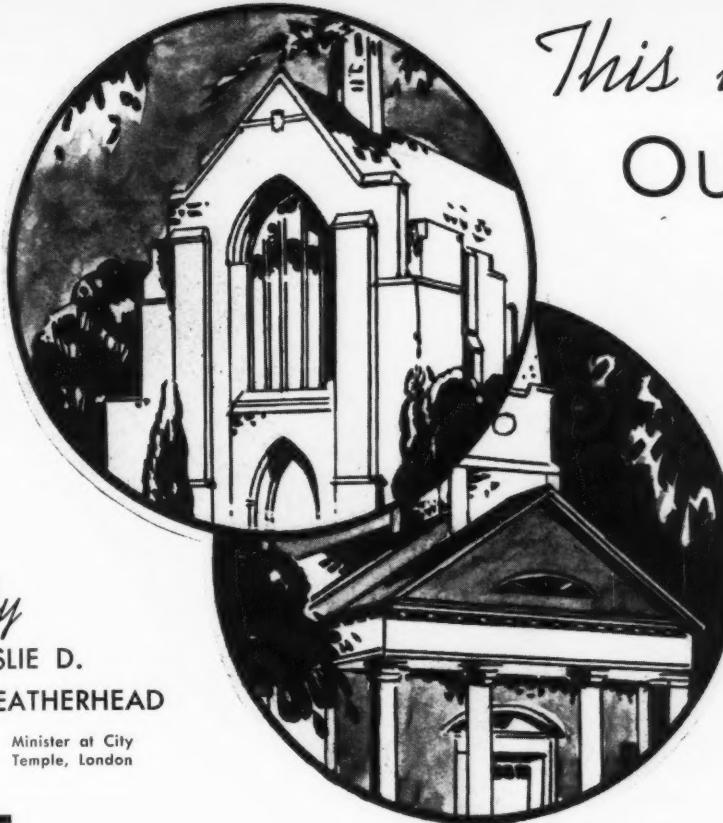
By that time everybody knew that it was only a matter of time until Aunt Letitia would lose the Big House. My self-appointed job was to work hard and save enough money to buy it for you. You were not to know who did it, nor she, for the old lady would not have lived in it one minute on my charity. A wild boy's dream it was, but it was all the reality the crazy world held for me that summer.

A strange summer it was, and it grew no more normal as it melted into a stranger fall and winter. You were home, but I caught not even a glimpse of you. Aunt Letitia was ill, or said she was, and kept you close beside her. I would have given my life to have been able to march up to the Big House and demand to see you.

Strange things were going on. Ten million young men went up to register, so that an army might be picked from the lot. Men at Washington drew numbers, and it was with no particular emotion that I (Continued on page 50)



"I'm so glad," you cried, and stood on tip-toe, kissing me with childlike impulsiveness



This is OUR HOUR

By
**LESLIE D.
WEATHERHEAD**

Minister at City
Temple, London

THE Church of Christ has today one of the greatest opportunities of her history. This is our hour! This is the hour of opportunity in a truer sense than the hour of victory will be, for at least men now are startled out of their complacency, frightened out of their indifference. They see the hell that can come upon a world that rejects God. The time is now!

When victory comes, men's minds will close down again. People hate to be made to think. They will go back to their cowlike placidity and cabbage complacency. Human nature can be changed, but it takes dynamite and death and disaster to shake man out of his contentment with things as they are. So often it is true to say that the grace of God makes no difference to man until he is desperate and broken. But God can use fright. A startled mind is often open to Him, and the present situation can become the opportunity of the Church, and the Church *must* use that opportunity before men's minds harden again.

May I suggest six things the Church must do, as she capitalizes upon this opportunity-hour?

First, she must change the individual. Everything begins there. History shows that no power but the power of Christ can so change man's heart that he is really willing to put others first and himself second. Without religion, all other plans break down at the point where man

is asked to forget himself. Calamity has been brought about because man's moral nature was not big enough to stand up to the demands made upon it. Therefore, the supreme need is man's unity with the only Power that is big enough so to change him that he can respond to the demands that will increasingly be made upon him for sacrificial living and thinking and planning. The first demand on the Church is that it should change human nature. In doing that, it enables men to react in a completely new way.

Second, the Church can release immense forces through prayer. I believe that we are only at the very beginning of understanding that mystery by which God releases divine energies from His own being into the life of the world through the faithful prayers of His people. Prayer is a cooperation with God in the spiritual plane similar to our cooperation with Him on the physical plane in almost everything we do—sowing the seed, making machinery, baking bread, healing the sick. Prayer meetings are dull. We never go to them. We fling ourselves down at the side of the bed at night, and say two or three sentences stripped of feeling and withered with age.

Third, the Church must expound unfailingly Christ's principles, so that the power of the liberating truths which He taught can be made available, and their relevance to the need of the world can be shown.

Fourth, the Church can bring men

into fellowship to pray and think and plan together. To meet together in fellowship in order to ask, and endeavour to answer, such questions as: "How can we interpret Christ's spirit in terms of education, industry, politics and international affairs?" This would be one of the most helpful and constructive things we could do.

Fifth, the Church must denounce evil despite whatever vested interests may be raised in an attempt to silence her. There must be fearless exposure of the evils in regard to the disparity of wealth, the misuse of the world's resources which belong to all, the neglect of religious education, the indolence in regard to physical and mental health, the evils of unemployment and slums, the lack of opportunities to use leisure creatively, and so on.

Sixth, the Church must encourage reforms and the making of reformers. The Church has never concerned herself seriously enough with the latter. She has been content to send pious resolutions from her great conferences and assemblies to pagan legislators, but if we want Christian government we must put in Christian governors.

We live in thrilling days. They are full of strain, and we naturally want them to be over. We do right to pray that the war may end soon, and that a just and enduring peace may be established. But do you not feel a little afraid of the hour of victory? I do. I feel afraid lest there shall go up from mankind a vast sigh of relief followed by complacency and the sleep of the sluggard. I remember so clearly the end of the last war—how the whole world was exhausted spiritually, emotionally, physically, financially, and we sat back and let things happen through sheer inertia. If we had acted as we ought to have acted things might have been established as they should have been established. But we won the war and lost the peace. We betrayed the dead. We were revengeful when we should have been creative, selfish when a new kind of sacrifice was more necessary than the giving of life itself.

The hour of victory will come. It is then that we must hear the trumpet of God. It is then that we must be on the parapet watching and ready to follow His leading. Otherwise, the forces of materialism, secularization, indifference and complacency will spoil all our hopes.

To prevent that happening then, we must act now. Aye, this is our hour!



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PAGE 3

THE

By Dorothy Canfield Fisher

SOME time ago a beloved member of my family fell seriously ill with a heart trouble, for which many weeks of bed-rest were prescribed. I had the honor to be given the care of the patient instead of a trained nurse. This dear responsibility made me proud, and eager to be at my strongest and most vital. But I am well past sixty and not in the least massive as to size and strength, so I took counsel with myself about so organizing daily life as to tap those reservoirs of reserve power which psychologists tell us we all have. And one of the things I did, as instinctively as a student drinks a cup of stimulating hot coffee before starting in to take a long hard examination, was to send for and pin up where I could constantly see it, a reproduction of Goya's great picture "The

strength. And alas! you reflect, just as contagious is the opposite. The person who whines and complains and takes as a personal grievance the fact that he has to work hard while somehow other people manage to live more idly, more easily; he who frets at the responsibilities life brings to him—how weariness and disheartenment ooze from his every pore, how you breathe into your very lungs discontent and grudging unwillingness to lay hold of the stuff of life and order it into shapeliness. A sledge-hammer in such hands—it sags feebly towards the ground, a pitiful reminder of how weakness always fails. What sings out from the glory of creative effort which Goya has put before your eyes is "Courage, brother! Up and at it! Work is not a burden. Idleness is death-in-life! Work

useful—or the opposite. When we clutter up our lives with too many accessories—no matter how desirable any one of them is—too many clothes or shoes or hats, too much furniture, too many committees and leagues and athletic clubs and lodges and associations, too many parties and social doings, too much attention to eating—we are spoiling the composition of our day, of our lives. To decide what is the real chief business of our lives, and then to concentrate our powers on that—such an admonition speaks from Goya's mastery of the principles of composition, a mastery which makes his picture look, from across the room, like a single great clenched fist.

And then you notice that one element in the rounded knot of that power is the third figure, the old master-smith, whose keen alert face peers between the two younger workers. The thrilling drama of the two smiths is so spectacular that it is only after your eye is more accustomed to it that you perceive that their mighty muscles and the finely accurate coordination of the nerves and motor-centers in their two brains which, in a split second, will bring that hammer-head smashing down on exactly the right spot—all that would be only a smashing useless noise without a purpose, a plan, a skilled design to guide it. The old master-smith could be broken between the great fingers of the sledge-hammer swinger. But on the experience, the training, the learning and knowledge under that thatch of white hair depends the shapeliness of what they are all making together.

The picture looks, at first sight, like no more than three smiths poorly dressed, ragged, unkempt, working together around an anvil. But because Goya was a master artist—that is to say an interpreter of life, not merely one who reproduces the outer aspect of facts—into the picture of those three workers he put a universal truth about the nature of the world, about life, especially a truth about the nature of human group effort. There we see it before our eyes, the human group at work, made up of power and purpose. Without power, purpose is of no avail. Without purpose, power is only vain effort.

Without harmony between those two elements, so diverse, so utterly dependent on each other, nothing can be constructed which we humans need and must have to survive. The sledge-hammer and those mighty arms which swing it high in a great arc of achievement, they are alike only in ways to bring into reality the plan in the master brain—which yet without them would be helpless. Coal-miners' strikes, you murmur to yourself; the bold physical daring of the aviators and the subtle mental discipline of designers in the factory; the clarion voice of the great singer elegantly clothed on the platform, and the shabby, eccentric old composer who, sitting alone in his poor lodging, drew that

(Continued on page 47)

GOYA'S Blacksmiths

Forge," a painting of blacksmiths at work.

Nobody needs more than one look at that splendidly vital masterpiece to understand the most obvious reason for this choice. Just to glance, as you hurry by, at the tremendous outgoing strength of the man with the upraised sledge-hammer, is as stirring as the sudden clear challenge of a bugle-call. A gush of vitality pours out of that glorious throbbing of creative human power, sweeping away fatigue, nervous tension and those poisonous, half-subconscious stirrings of self-pity which sap our ability to endure, by the sly deadly murmur "Oh, what a hard time I am having. Other people have an easy time. But not me!" The terrific energy of that upswung sledge-hammer, the magnificent line of strength from the foot gripping the earth so stoutly all along up the man's muscular body to the great arm at the top of its swing—they make self-pity seem laughable. They call out wordlessly a challenge to stand up straight, to breathe more deeply, to take joy in putting out all the effort that can be summoned up.

Nothing is more contagious than vitality, you think, stopping before the picture for a moment to drink in another great draught of it. A fully living, vital, human being has but to step into the room with you to call out a response from all your own deep inner sources of

AMERICA TALKIN'!



ALL PHOTOS BY PAUL PARKER



Three typical Mont Lawn boys. Above: This could be "Toughie," and left, these boys could be "Wopsy" and "That Swede Kid"

By BEATRICE PLUMB

HE WAS ten years old, and he was tough. He was the leader of the wildest gang of little street waifs that ever swarmed in New York's lower East Side.

He stood now in the littered alley among the rats and garbage, doing his little stunt of "broadcasting" over an imitation " mike," made of a rusty saucepan lid nailed to a broom handle. His ragged followers hunched on fire escapes to hear him. "Cap'n Toughie, at the mike . . . tellin' the world!"

I ought to warn him, I worried, bawling his Irish red head off in all this heat; playing his sizzling war games, shooting down imaginary Germans and Japs by the million—with the temperature at ninety in the shade! Hollow-eyed, thin as a rail, his face gaunt with under-nourishment—but so full of fight he didn't know he was empty.

He was bellowing now into his make-believe microphone:

"America talkin'" The nememy is upon us! A Nazi kid, six alleys up! Sic 'im!"

The battle cry rose like a siren. And with it, bedlam broke loose once more in the alley. Yesterday it had been a whimpering "Jap spy," a six-year-old innocent, named Nippy, they had hounded to exhaustion. Last week it had been Wopsy, a little lame Italian lad they had rounded up from another section, to bait

and bully, until I had rescued him.

I had told the Lord, on my knees, that night, that somehow we must save Wopsy. And, like a miracle, the way had opened for Wopsy to go to Mont Lawn.

I had left him there—thank God!—lying happily safe in a little white bed, in a little white hospital cottage, while a white angel of a nurse brought him such food as his black, tortured eyes had never seen before. Two weeks of freedom from fear! Two weeks of freedom from want! Two weeks of freedom from woe! Protection . . . and plenty . . . at last, for Wopsy. And peace.

But still—war in the alley! As I stood there eyeing Toughie's gang milling about him, it seemed as if that Mont Lawn bouquet of green turf and clover, pine and damp, cool woods, must be a thousand miles away, instead of thirty.

That was Heaven! And this festering spot, where the blistered tenements gasped for breath through every gaping window, where wan, lifeless children lay in patches of shade, their parched bodies a part of the vile dirt—*this was Hell!*

"The nememy! Charge!!!

Brandishing a broomstick above his head, Toughie led his howling pack down the maze of sweltering alleys.

Suddenly Toughie staggered, shuddered, then stood still in his tracks, feeling the starch go out of him. A muddle of feelings fought in his throat—shame, rage, confusion, dismay. Desperately he tried to rally. Never had he been so hot, or sick at his stomach, or so . . . dizzy.

When I reached him, the gang was still reporting dazedly. "The nememy beat a

retreat. What's eatin' you, Toughie? Sick or sumthin'? You look funny—"

We carried him into the stuffy little hole he called home and helped his mother care for him. He lay a limp bundle of rags and bones, cold sweat rolling off his brow to furrow gray lines through the grime of his clammy cheeks. I could not feel his pulse. Or see him breathe.

"It's the heat!" I told his mother.

"It ain't!" she came back bitterly. "He's hungry!"

Then, like a torrent, it poured from her—the losing struggle to make ends meet. It had been bad enough before, but now it was worse. With things as they were, with the war on, and food prices way up, and her income not a penny more, Toughie was hardly getting one good square meal a week.

"He's getting the twitches now, Miss Social Worker, like the little kid below us. Nurse says all they need is food and quiet. Food!" she scoffed. "Quiet! Take him to the country, says the nurse, tone him down. Who is us to talk of holidays in the country?"

Toughie opened his eyes and looked at me. Drained of hate, they were nice eyes—little boy eyes.

"The Nazi kid got away," he worried weakly. "All these nememies—we gotta git 'em!"

"Quit your fighting," soothed his mother. "You keeled over—want a nice drink of water?"

"Naw, I want somethin' to eat." I caught her eyes, looked away, my

heart stabbed by the stark despair I saw in them.

"Listen," I said to her, "they have chicken and ice cream every Sunday at Mont Lawn where . . . where Somebody is going to send Toughie. Milk! Pails of it! Bread and butter! Mountains of it!"

His mother began to sob. "In the country!" she wept, looking at Toughie lying limp and still. "Two weeks of clean air . . . where he can wash off the dirt . . . keep clean—"

"A bath!" she wept, touching him with hands rough from hard work.

"Washed clean of hate, too, perhaps." I prayed in my heart.

"Aw, Ma," choked Toughie, from his filthy bed, "cut it out! Mont Lawn ain't nothin' to cry about!"

The first impact of Mont Lawn's cool green splendor knocked Toughie speechless. Then he came out of his trance with a gasp.

"Gee! All . . . this . . . room!" He seemed almost too dazed to follow directions to take off his shoes and leave them on the grass before going into the Rain House for a wash. But at last he kicked them off. His hot feet felt the comfort of the cool lawn.

"Gee!" he said, wriggling every dirty toe. "Gee! All . . . this . . . grass!"

Later, his thin young body tingling under fine spray, his hair a snow of lather, he shivered. "Gee! All . . . this water, 'n all this soap!"

Still later, in a great dining hall, he sat down to his first Mont Lawn meal. "Gee!" he marveled, "Look at that food!"

Life at Mont Lawn. Right: More than half a thousand meals are served every day. Below: Swimming is one of the most popular sports

"More than half a thousand meals a day are served from here," a counselor told him. He digested that with his dinner.

"But who pays for 'em?" he demanded.

The counselor was busy passing food. "The Good Samaritan," she smiled over her shoulder.

"He must be rich," commented Toughie. Nobody within earshot knew Mister Samaritan, so he returned to his plate—and wished his Mom could have some of the swell gravy and potatoes.

The happy days rushed by with regrettable holiday speed. Sunday came. The chapel bells rang, the organ played.

Mr. Bill, who taught them how to swim, was to preach. Toughie had never been to church in his life. Nothing in the alley had ever frightened him, but he was frightened now. His heart beat fast and hard—the way it did when the cops were after him.

Singing! They were all standing up to sing a hymn. He looked at the choir, made up of children. His eyes popped. Wopsy was in the choir! He sang a piece all by himself, in a voice like a little bell ringing. Toughie remembered the day when the stone he'd thrown had struck the little Italian. The scar still showed on his cheek.



His thoughts were brought back to the service with a bang.

Mr. Bill was up there talking about the Good Samaritan! Mister Samaritan, who paid for all the food! Who paid for all the fun they had—slides, swings, merry-go-rounds, baseball, swimming pool; the rich guy who—

Toughie hushed his thoughts to listen. He hardly breathed as Mr. Bill told simply the Bible story of the Good Samaritan. Toughie shivered as the old parable came alive to him—translated into the terms of his own experience. "The certain man" being beaten in Toughie's own alley, thieves going through his pockets, tearing his good clothes off, then sneaking off into hiding, leaving their victim to die. But he didn't die! Mister Samaritan happened along Jericho alley—"The rich guy, the big feller—"

"Shut up!" he told his thoughts again. "Listen, can't ya?"

Mr. Bill was saying that nobody knew even the name of the Good Samaritan.

(Continued on page 51)



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JULY, 1943

DAILY MEDITATIONS

For the Quiet Hour

BY DR. ARCHER WALLACE

A PRAYER AND MEDITATION FOR SPIRITUAL PROGRESS EACH DAY OF THE YEAR

THURSDAY, JULY 1

THE SENSE OF GOD

"FOR I HAVE GIVEN YOU AN EXAMPLE THAT YE SHOULD DO AS I HAVE DONE TO YOU."
READ JOHN 13:1-15

JOHN RUSKIN, much interested in art, maintained that no artist or sculptor could do good work if he confined himself to a representation of human achievements. He must represent the work of God: the flowers of the fields and the grass; the leaves of the trees and the fruit of the garden; tiny woodland streams or the vast expanse of the ocean. If that be true is it unreasonable to say that in our lives we must imitate the divine? We cannot lift ourselves up by our own bootstraps. We must have a deep sense of God and be sustained by the inspiration of His life within.

Lord, we bless Thee because there are no limits to Thy power nor to Thy mercy. Help us to take and use the power of Heaven in the building of the Kingdom on earth. Amen.

FRIDAY, JULY 2

THE HIDDEN YEARS

"HE . . . WAS SUBJECT UNTO THEM"
READ LUKE 2:42-52

FOR thirty years of His life Jesus lived very simply; no dramatic incident aroused attention. He lived in a small village, mingled with the peasants there, worked at the carpenter's bench and lived in a cottage. True, stirring days lay ahead: the Mount of Transfiguration, Gethsemane, Calvary. But Jesus grew and reached the attainment of His sublime character amid rural scenes, living a quiet life that, as far as we know, was unmarked by anything extraordinary. We can love and serve God as faithfully in a humble way as the way of a martyr at the stake.

Lord, grant that whether we eat or drink or whatsoever we do, it may be to Thy glory. May we serve Thee in the humble walks of life, even as The Nazarene, while yet we live. Amen.

SATURDAY, JULY 3

THE FASCINATION OF THE PRESENT

"ESAU DESPISED HIS BIRTHRIGHT"
READ GENESIS 25:24-34

WHEN Demas left Paul, the Apostle wrote: "Demas hath forsaken me, having loved this present world." That is the trouble with worldly things. They are so present and because of their nearness, they appear very real. A five-cent piece pressed against the eye can shut out the sun. The things we see and handle assume an importance to which they are not entitled. That was the trouble with Esau and his mess of potage. It was so near, so present; the birthright seemed very far away. That is why every one of us must make time for meditation and for prayer.

Lord, touch our hearts so that we may see and hear and understand the things of the spirit. Make us aware of the presence of the Divine. Amen.

SUNDAY, JULY 4

A GOOD FOUNDATION

"RIGHTEOUSNESS EXALTETH A NATION BUT SIN IS A REPROACH TO ANY PEOPLE"
READ PROVERBS 14

WHEN Mr. Choate was American Ambassador to Great Britain, he was asked to speak at the Centenary of the British and Foreign Bible Society. This Independence Day is a good time to recall some of the things he said in that address: "The Pilgrim Fathers carried their only possession of lasting value to New England from the shores of Old England. That wonderful possession was the King James version of the Bible. Upon the teaching of that Book the new state was founded." It was their only readable book. It was the "Ark of their Covenant" and within its sacred covers they found

Their shelter from the stormy blast
And their eternal home.

Lord, write it upon our hearts, that righteousness exalteth a nation but sin is a reproach to any people. Give us vision, lest the people perish. Amen.

MONDAY, JULY 5

A BOY UNDER THE BALCONY

"A SOWER WENT FORTH TO SOW"
READ MATTHEW 13:1-9

ON a very snowy Sunday morning, over a century ago, about fifteen people had braved the weather and gathered in a little church in England. Owing to impassable roads, the preacher did not arrive. One of the worshippers—described as "a poor, thin-looking man"—was prevailed upon to preach. There was a fifteen-year-old boy sitting under the balcony and the speaker's words that morning touched his heart. The boy was Charles H. Spurgeon. Forty-two years later he died having reached millions by his preaching and led hundreds of thousands to Jesus Christ. That is something for all Christian workers to remember.

Father, may we not be content with our own good; help us to carry the story of Thy love to others. Amen.

TUESDAY, JULY 6

UNWRITTEN HISTORY

"OF WHOM THE WORLD WAS NOT WORTHY"
READ HEBREWS 11:32-40

RECENTLY we saw a lecture advertised; the title was "Unwritten History." That is an excellent subject. We have so often been taught that a few well-known battles and some tense situations constituted the major portion of human history. It is a mistake. The bulk of human achievement is unwritten and unknown, save to God. Think of the millions of devoted and unselfish parents; of affectionate children; of true and loyal friends. Then there is a vast army of handicapped people who face life courageously and others whose apparently humdrum lives call for daily sacrifice and self-effacing service. Our attempts to decide what are the highlights of history are often inaccurate and foolish.

Lord, correct our false judgments and grant that in Thy light we may see light. Amen.

DAILY MEDITATIONS FOR THE QUIET HOUR



WEDNESDAY, JULY 7

LOVE THAT KNOWS NO ENDING
"THE EXCEEDING GRACE OF GOD"
READ 2 CORINTHIANS 9:6-15

THE author of the book, "Wind, Sand and Stars," tells of a party of Arabs who were taken to the Swiss mountains and shown a great waterfall. They had spent their lives in the desert, always haunted by the dread of water famine. When they beheld this great torrent gushing down the mountainside it seemed too good to be true. The guide suggested they move on but the Arabs were spellbound. At last one of their spokesmen said: "We are waiting to see it finish." When told that the water had been flowing for ages, they seemed incredulous. That is so like the redeeming love of God:

Grace which like the Lord, the Giver
Ever flows from age to age.

Lord, Thou art good and Thou doest good and Thy goodness is over all Thy works. Amen.

THURSDAY, JULY 8

HIGH ALTITUDES
"HEAVENLY PLACES IN CHRIST"
READ EPHESIANS 3

THE land of Tibet is one of very lofty altitudes; so high in fact that its valleys are higher than the mountaintops of other countries. There is a spiritual life, a life lived with Christ in God, where even the depressions—the valleys—are preferable to the summits of sin. "The most depressing hours of a true spiritual history are infinitely beyond the rarest pleasures of the sinful life, and are a stage toward experiences more blessed still." The Great Shepherd leads His children not into valleys but through them.

We need Thee, O Father, to lift us up above sordidness and above the dangers of monotony. Amen.

FRIDAY, JULY 9

THE WITNESS
"NONE OTHER NAME"
READ ACTS 4:1-12

ONE of the noblest representatives of the Negro race was the African, James E. K. Aggrey. Born in the heart of Africa, son of a native chief, he was educated in a mission school and eventually earned degrees both from British and American universities. He was one of a group chosen to speak at an International Student Conference held in Toronto. At the close of a ten-day

conference, the students insisted that he make one more speech. He faced an audience of more than one thousand students, drawn from all over the world. "I want you to sing a hymn with me," he said. Then in a fine voice he sang the opening words of: "All hail the power of Jesus' name." The response was instantaneous and deeply moving.

Lord, we thank Thee for all who, by the fulness of their consecration have been an inspiration to us in the battle of life. Amen.

SATURDAY, JULY 10

THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS
"THAT YOUR JOY MIGHT BE FULL"
READ JOHN 15:1-16

THE pursuit of happiness is universal and timeless. Why is it that King Solomon, who seems to have had all the material things that he desired, remained unhappy? Henry Van Dyke answered in these words: "Solomon missed happiness because he aimed at it. He made it the object of his life. He never forgot self to help others. It is a law of life that men never can be happy unless they lose themselves in some noble and unselfish pursuit." When Jesus calls men he calls them to a life of service. According to their devotion men are happy in His service, but happiness must not be the object of their lives.

Father, we are happy when we remember Thee and walk with Thee; our lives are clouded whenever we stray from Thee. Amen.

SUNDAY, JULY 11

WITHHOLD CRITICISM
"THY JUDGMENTS ARE A GREAT DEEP"
READ PSALM 36

WHEN Michelangelo was working on St. Peter's Cathedral he received much caustic criticism both from the ecclesiastical authorities and the workmen on the building. To all these critics the great architect said, in substance: "Even if I were able to make my plans and ideas clear to you—which I am not—I am not obliged to do so. I must ask you to do your best to help me; when the work is complete, the conception will be better understood." How much more necessary it is that men should pause before criticizing the work of the Great Architect of the universe. We must wait in patience and in humility. Ours is, at best, but a partial view.

Increase our faith, O God, and deepen our humility and our reverence.

MONDAY, JULY 12

THE WORLD OF SPIRITUAL THINGS
"HOW CAN THESE THINGS BE?"
READ JOHN 3:1-12

THE marvelous instinct of birds is a source of never-ending wonder to us. Pigeons from the eastern states have been taken to Alaska, then released and have found their way home again, thousands of miles away. Commenting on this instinct, a great naturalist says: "The birds possess a topographic consciousness of which we have no idea." That is to say, we cannot understand it because we have nothing in our experience which corresponds to it. Is it not reasonable to suppose that there is a whole world of spiritual life and feeling beyond purely intellectual understanding?

Lord, forgive us that we have so often been willing to mark time in our spiritual lives instead of pressing onward and upward. Amen.

TUESDAY, JULY 13

THE RENEWAL OF LIFE
"WHITER THE RIVER COMETH"
READ EZEKIEL 47:1-13

WHEN the buried city of Pompeii was being excavated a century ago, a smothered fountain was discovered. As soon as the choking ashes were removed, water burst forth and soon the surrounding soil began to bear foliage and smiling buds. Whenever the Word of God has had a chance, it has unsealed living waters and has vitalized the life of individuals and nations. When after centuries of obscurity the Bible was translated into English by Wycliffe, it proved itself a reservoir of life and spirit for the nation; it brought fresh life to every phase of the country's affairs.

Father let Thy grace be in us, a well of water, springing up unto everlasting life. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 14

JOY IS CONTAGIOUS
"SO WILL WE SING"
READ PSALM 21

ONE day, more than two centuries ago, young Isaac Watts was returning from a church service with his father. He bitterly complained that the singing of the Psalms was dull and lifeless; the tunes especially depressed him. His father suggested that he write hymns more inspiring. Watts did so, and in 1707 his "Spiritual Songs" appeared.



DAILY MEDITATIONS FOR THE QUIET HOUR

The effect was surprising and encouraging. Gloom in public worship was chased away and the joyous note became contagious. A writer of that day quaintly says: "The buildings seemed to tremble, and the candles set upon the tops of the pews were often blown out." In order to have a good service, hearty singing is as essential as good preaching.

Take away from us, O God, the spirit of heaviness and give unto us the garment of praise. Amen.

THURSDAY, JULY 15

STRANGE THOUGHTS OF A BOY
"WHOSO SHALL RECEIVE ONE SUCH . . .
RECEIVETH ME"
READ MATTHEW 18:1-6

HERE is a strange story of a boy. When the Russian writer, Maxim Gorky, was a child his father died, so he and his mother went to live with his grandparents. His grandfather was a religious man, but stern, irritable and often very cruel. His mother was also religious but she was kind, gentle and understanding. Gorky says that when he saw his mother and his grandfather kneeling side by side in church he could not believe that they were praying to the same God. He felt sure that there must be two gods; one cruel and vindictive, the other loving and forgiving. Thus do adults, consciously or unconsciously, influence the thoughts of children.

Lord, may we be worthy members of the household of faith, never forgetting our obligations to one another. Amen.

FRIDAY, JULY 16

TROUBLE-MAKERS
"HE STIRRETH UP THE PEOPLE"
READ LUKE 23:1-12

A MAN not long ago referred to our temperance advocates as "cantankerous individuals." He bitterly resented any and all attempts made to curtail the liquor interests, and he looked upon all who did so as busybodies who interfered with other people's affairs. It was in exactly the same temper that King Ahab said to Elijah: "Art thou he that troubleth Israel?" He wondered why the prophet should stir up trouble instead of leaving things as they were. To him Elijah was just another cantankerous individual. He failed to realize that he, not Elijah, was the real trouble-maker.

Lord, reveal Thy will concerning us and give us courage to follow the leading of Thy spirit. Amen.

SATURDAY, JULY 17

THE OVER-INDULGENT PARENT
"HE RESTRAINED THEM NOT"
READ I SAMUEL 3:1-14

A SUDDEN and severe condemnation came to Eli because "his sons made themselves vile and he restrained them not." Eli himself had no sympathy with their conduct which had brought shame upon his house, but he was an indulgent parent and failed to rebuke them. In an indirect way he became a partaker of their sinfulness. One whose knowledge of men was extensive said that he had seldom known men who had not offered some explanation for their sins of commission but rarely could they forgive themselves for their sins of omission. We have social obligations and we neglect them at our soul's peril.

Lord, give us a faith that abides and endures when all else fails and passes away. Amen.

SUNDAY, JULY 18

HOW SHALL WE MEET IT?
"THE CHASTENING OF THE LORD"
READ HEBREWS 12:1-11

A YOUNG man came to Dr. Alexander Whyte of Edinburgh and asked to join the church. "What led you to Christ?" asked Dr. Whyte. The man replied: "I was engaged to be married and she died." That was how one man met a supreme tragedy; he consecrated his sorrow. To others, swift and sudden misfortune brings resentment and often bitterness. No two meet sorrow in the same way. It is not the experience itself but the spirit in which it is met that makes the difference. As Beecher once said, "The same wind that blows out a match fans a strong flame."

Father, help us to be living epistles of Thy grace, ever carrying to others the message of Thy truth. In Thy name's sake. Amen.

MONDAY, JULY 19

THE NON-CHURCH GOING CHURCH
"THE ZEAL OF THINE HOUSE"
READ PSALM 69:1-9

THE great Bible expositor, George Adam Smith, was once present when a group of clergymen were discussing ways and means of interesting the non-church-going class of people. After listening to several speakers who bewailed the indifference and apathy of the multitude, he said: "Our greatest problem is not the non-church-going mass but the non-church-going church." That remark was significant, profound and true. One would be safe in saying that a more enthusiastic church would

inevitably mean a greater following and a much wider influence.

Lord, may we have such communion with Thee, that our hearts shall burn within us by the way. Amen.

TUESDAY, JULY 20

UNDER UNFAVORABLE CIRCUMSTANCES
"EVEN IN SARDIS"
READ REVELATION 3:1-5

AT AN agricultural exhibition were some vegetables which had been grown in the Yukon, in latitudes where people thought nothing could possibly grow. But there they were: potatoes, beets, carrots, turnips. There was no room for discussion about Yukon possibilities in that direction; the proof was there. It is possible to be a Christian under unfavorable circumstances. That has been proven over and over again. Sardis was a wicked city and yet "Thou hast a few names even in Sardis which have not defiled their garments."

Father, we know that Thou canst lift us above every sorrow and grief and enable us to consecrate every experience. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 21

MOVING DAY
"WE HAVE A BUILDING OF GOD"
READ II CORINTHIANS 5:1-10

IN ONE of his "Twilight Reveries" Dr. Charles L. Goodell writes: "Some day it will be moving day. Out of the palace or the hovel, out of the splendid apartment or out of the attic, into the house not made with hands, it will be moving day."

I wonder what day of the week,
I wonder what month of the year,
Will it be midnight or morning
And who will bend over my bier?

That is a sobering thought because it is true of every one of us. But it should be an inspiring thought for it foretells a triumphant moving, a promotion.

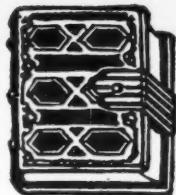
Lord, may we know that every day we are growing richer; even when bodily powers diminish may we rejoice in the blessed life of the spirit. Amen.

THURSDAY, JULY 22

SUFFERING ENRICHES LIVES
"WHOM THE LORD LOVETH, HE CHASTENETH"
READ HEBREWS 12:6-11

WE READ a book recently in which the author listed many names of handicapped people together with their wonderful achievements, and then went on

(Continued on page 42)



SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS

BASED ON THE INTERNATIONAL UNIFORM LESSONS

By Amos John Trauer

JULY 4 A PEOPLE IN DISTRESS

READ—EXODUS 1:6-14; 2:23-25

THE AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE is consciously or unconsciously the goal for which most of us are serving and sacrificing. Our founding fathers, however, might not recognize the meaning we read into that phrase, "the American way of life." They were not primarily concerned with full lunch-pails, two-car garages and houses full of labor-saving gadgets. Better than we, they knew that a purely material prosperity can not be insured for the future. The ancient people of Israel discovered that the flesh-pots of Egypt would not last. Their very prosperity betrayed them.

Dictator mentalities are self-deceived. Listen to them! "Invasion is coming. These Hebrews are not like us. They do not look like us, speak our language or worship our gods. We must be realists about them. They are a subtle danger to us. We must treat them rough, put the fear of us in their hearts. Cruel, but necessary." Too bad the modern Hitlers have not read in history the futility of persecution. Too bad we are not more completely convinced that the greatest security lies in the greatest liberty.

Give God time and He will work out His glorious purposes. God heard and remembered and then called Moses to be the liberator of His people. God put afflictions upon the Pharaoh of Egypt in order that he might become an instrument in preserving the religion of God's people. God was working a nation into His pattern for history. The end for which that pattern was drawn was the "fullness of time" when Israel would mother Jesus for the world's salvation.

GIVE GOD TIME! Easier said from the far view of the centuries when the whole blueprint of history would reveal God's plan. In "Captain Archer's Daughter," Margaret Deland tells of the ambitious son who wanted to put a steam engine into his father's sailing vessel. The old-fashioned father said, "The wind is God's engine." The boy replied, "I like steam though, God's too 'tejous'." God's way is slow. His movements are barely perceptible by those who are a part of them. The impatient Hebrews complained bitterly of the slow-passing days, so filled with back-breaking toil and taskmaster's lashes. "Tejous" business, this waiting, but God was working then as now, through blood and tears, to save His people. *If we understand that better, we would understand the Cross.*

PAGE 39 • CHRISTIAN HERALD JULY 1943

Questions:

Did God send, permit, or have anything to do with the suffering of His people in Egypt?

Would your answer be the same in regard to the world war?

How explain the justice of God when the innocent suffer?

Does God always hear and answer the prayer of His people?

JULY 11 GOD CALLS A LEADER

READ—EXODUS 3:1-12

"GOD WILLS A CAREER as surely as He wills character." Absurd would be the suggestion that the liberator of Israel might be found in shepherd's clothes amid the hills of Midian. But a shoe-shop gave us Moody, a log cabin Lincoln and a carpenter's bench the greatest Liberator of all. Moses had few qualities of leadership to command him to the Lord. Reared in luxury, he had thrown opportunity to the winds in a fit of passion. He had fled for his life, a murderer. In temperament he reminds us of Peter. For both, God's call was insurance of fitness for leadership. God's grace can make mad men meek.

The call of God comes in line of duty. The simple tasks of the shepherd led Moses to the shrine of the burning bush. Other shepherds, centuries later, were at their business on the Bethlehem hillsides when they were called to behold the most glorious birth in history. We do not find our burning bushes by hunting for them. God looks near the path of daily duty for men He can use.

An old cartoon pictures a lad sitting with his chair tipped back against the wall in an old-fashioned kitchen. His dream as he sits there is drawn for us in a hazy outline above his head. He sees himself standing in a pulpit and preaching to a great congregation. Near his chair the cartoonist has drawn a stove and a wood-box, quite empty, while through the door the lad's mother is coming with an armful of wood. That boy will not be called until he recognizes present duties however humble.

"LET MY PEOPLE GO"—who has not thrilled to the pleading cadence of that old Negro spiritual? That was God's purpose for His people. There was food in Egypt, freedom from responsibility, and ease of a kind. If they slaved, at least they ate. Our Axis dictators seem surprised that conquered people do not thank them for the security they offer. They do not understand men who prefer liberty to "Nazi protection." Neither do

they understand why we, in far off America, should be concerned about the people of occupied Europe. Moses never slept a night, we are sure, without praying for the liberation of his people. He was a liberator at heart or God could not have used him.

Carlyle wrote, "God does nothing about the world's wrongs if Thomas Carlyle does nothing." A more modern writer remarks that "God's plumbing will not keep a city healthy." God furnishes the blueprints for human freedom. He also calls the workmen. When the workmen accept the task and stir themselves obediently to the business of building a better world, then God's purposes will begin to be realized. When a man accepts God's purposes as his life's goal he will hear God's promise as Moses heard it, "When you come out I will meet you in this mountain." Moses believed, obeyed and in due time had his rendezvous with God.

Questions:

How did being a good shepherd help and also hinder Moses when God called?

"Put off thy shoes." Do we need emphasis on reverence today? How is reverence best shown to God?

Is liberty in the mind of God for His people? Was Israel ready for liberty?

How far is it true that to see a need is a call to meet it? What are the crying needs of our times? Can we meet them?

JULY 18 GOD ENCOURAGES MOSES

READ—EXODUS 3:13-16; 4:10-17

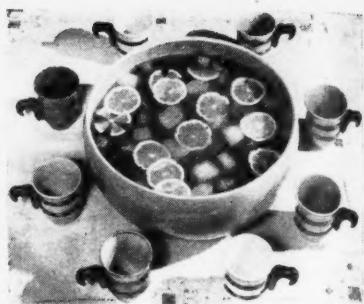
MOSES HAD NO HEART FOR HEROIC TASKS. In Egypt he had been a prince of the house of Pharaoh, a very self-assured young man. Now the pendulum has swung from pride to enervating humility. Moses needs a new heart, and that, by the way, is the meaning of the word encourage, to put heart into a man. He had been taught his weakness in a bitter schooling since he ran away from Egypt. Now he must be taught God's strength. Sincerely meek men become the mightiest when they surrender their all to the will of God.

Moses spent much energy in explaining why he was not equal to God's call. Much cleverness is wasted in schools today by our younger generation in its effort to avoid duty. Moses offered God what the flippant would call "a good line." "Who am I to undertake such a mission?" "Who could I say sent me?" "If I go, they will never believe me." "I am slow of speech and can never think of what to say when I face Pharaoh." "Why not send someone else, for someone else would

(Continued on page 42)



A scooped-out watermelon makes a unique and inviting punch bowl. Courtesy California Fruit Growers Exchange



Orange slices, berries, and watermelon cubes add color to the punch bowl. Courtesy California Fruit Growers Exchange



At a lawn party, small, filled cookies are as satisfying as layer cake and much easier to handle. Courtesy Kellogg Co.

PARTIES ... with Punch

BY ESTHER FOLEY

PUNCH may not be as rich or as refreshing as ice cream, but it has a lot to recommend it. And with ice cream festivals out this year—because of lack of cream and sugar and milk to use this way—punch and cookies served on a lantern-lighted lawn have a charm fitted to both the time and the weather.

Cups, paper, pretty, waxed—not good for hot drinks, are very good indeed for cold drinks. And with all cups of one size, the amount of punch required to serve a given number of people can be easily calculated. Three-fourths of a measuring cup is a good portion to sell for five cents. And if the cup is placed on a matching paper plate and three homemade cookies added, the whole will sell for fifteen cents and cost about seven.

Sugar syrup is made by heating sugar in water until it is dissolved. Then cool to room temperature. One cup sugar to one quart water will sweeten about one gallon of punch. More sweetening can be added, if desired, and if there is sugar to spend, but this amount is enough to satisfy the average taste.

It is best to make up punch in small

lots. This brings about a better flavor blend. The concentrated base can be bottled in large gallon jugs, and kept in a cool place until serving time. Then it should be poured into the serving bowl and diluted to the proper concentration with water, seltzer water or gingerale.

Sprigs of mint, half slices of orange or lemon, whole berries, slim sticks of unpeeled cucumber, are natural garnishings for summer punch.

In the watermelon, ripe in July and August, nature has fashioned a punch bowl. Cut a slab, lengthwise, from the melon, and hollow out carefully, leaving the rind unpunctured. Rinse with lemon juice to prevent darkening, and chill. The inside of the melon can be used as part of the fruit, or cut into small squares and floated in the punch. If this natural punch bowl is used, it must not be used too hard, but served as the main decoration at the center table, and at either end of the table station more durable bowls of glass or china.

PINK LEMONADE IN WATERMELON PUNCH BOWL

Pink lemonade in a watermelon punch bowl offers a splendid picnic or garden



At small expense, cereals give cookies both texture and flavor. Courtesy Kellogg Company

party refreshment. Cool in appearance as well as cooling in its effect, this old-fashioned favorite refreshes the eye as well as the taste in its combination of yellow lemon slices floating on a pink background, framed by the green watermelon shell within a wreath of grapes and grape leaves.

To prepare: Cut a piece from top of watermelon and with a sharp-edged spoon, scoop out pink meat down to shell. Measure capacity of shell. (A medium-sized watermelon should hold one gallon or more.) For one gallon of lemonade allow: 2 cups lemon juice, 2 cups pink watermelon juice drained from the scooped meat (if necessary mash or sieve part of meat to make required amount of juice) and $\frac{1}{2}$ pound sugar. Add cold water and ice to make one gallon and pour into shell. Float lemon slices for garnish on top. Serves 16 large or 32 small glasses or punch cups.

FRUIT PUNCH FOR A CROWD

6 cups boiling water	3 cups lemon juice
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup tea	1 gallon orange juice
2 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups sugar	1 $\frac{1}{2}$ gallons iced water or ice

Pour boiling water over tea. Steep 5 minutes. Strain. Dissolve sugar in warm tea. Cool. Combine all ingredients. May be served over block of ice in punch bowl, using less water. Garnish with orange and lemon slices. Tea flavored with orange blossoms gives this punch a novel and delicious flavor. Serves 50.

GRAPE PUNCH

2 pounds sugar	1 $\frac{1}{2}$ quarts orange juice (24-26 oranges)
2 gallons water	2 quarts grape juice
2 quarts lemon juice (36-40 lemons)	15 pounds ice

Make a syrup of the sugar and one quart of the water. Cool. Squeeze the juice from the fruit and strain. Combine syrup, fruit juices and water. Pour over ice. Part gingerale may be used instead



When available, shredded coconut makes an excellent cake topping. Courtesy Kellogg Company.

of water, if desired. Yield: 5 gallons of punch, serves 100 in 8-ounce glasses.

FRUIT PUNCH

2 $\frac{1}{2}$ gallons water	1 quart lemon juice
3 cups sugar	1 quart orange juice
1 quart grated pine- apple	1 quart grape juice
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup mint leaves	2 quarts tea infusion

Make a syrup of the sugar and a quart of the water. While the syrup is cooling add the mint leaves. Mix the syrup with the fruit juices and strain. Serve the punch iced. The volume will be somewhat greater if the fruit pulp is not strained out. Yield: 62 servings.

GINGERALE LEMONADE

1 quart lemon juice	2 gallons ice water
3 cups sugar	1 gallon gingerale
1 quart water	1 cup mint leaves

Make a syrup of the sugar and water, and while this is cooling add the mint leaves. Combine the cold syrup, lemon (Continued on page 48)



And let a child-champion jelly-maker show you how easy it is, with CERTO, to avoid jelly failures . . . how to get the CERTO BONUS of 4 extra glasses from the same amount of fruit!



"No uncertainty with Certo!" says 13-year-old Mary Wysong, whose jams and jellies, made with Certo, took Junior 1st Prize at the Maryland State Fair last year. "First, the wonderful recipe book that comes with each bottle of Certo gives you a separate recipe for each kind of fruit. That's very important, because fruits are so different. Then, with Certo, it's easy to jel all fruits—even strawberries!" (Certo is concentrated pure fruit pectin—the substance in fruits which makes them jel.)

"No long boil, with Certo! After your fruit is prepared, it takes only 15 minutes to turn out a batch of jelly or



jam. Because, you see, with Certo you don't have to 'boil the fruit down.' A half-minute boil for jelly . . . a minute or so for jam . . . does the trick." (And what clear, bright color...what delicious, fresh-fruit flavor that means!)

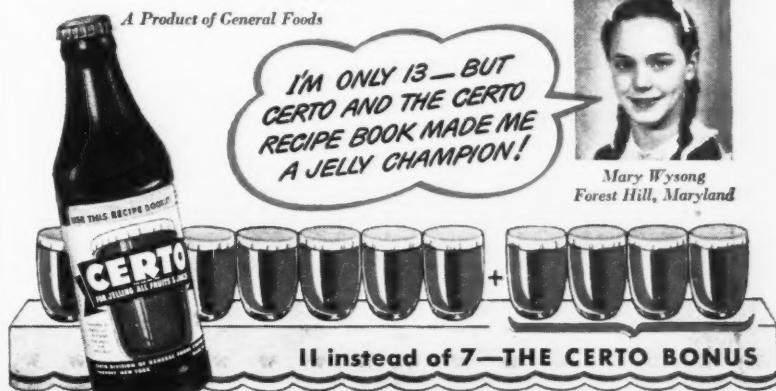
"A bonus of 4 extra glasses comes from that short-boil method with Certo!



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Mary Wysong
Forest Hill, Maryland





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the soul of the organ,
and entered into mine..."*

—from "THE LOST CHORD"

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SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS

(Continued from page 39)

do so much better?" If God had not known Moses better than he knew himself, He would have left him to his alibis and chosen another liberator for Israel. As it turned out, Moses' inferiority complex led to the sharing of the honors of leadership with Aaron. Be careful when you find perfectly good reasons why *not* to do the thing you really know God wants you to do.

"I AM THAT I AM" was the name God gave Moses. It is a complete name, yet of unlimited expansion. Add anything and everything good to "I am" and it may be applied to God. Centuries later Jesus said "I am the true Light," "I am the Bread of Life," "I am the Good Shepherd." The chief priests understood all too well His use of the words "I am." To be commissioned by such a God should have assured Moses that there was unlimited power at His right hand. The living God, the present tense God, pledges the resources of His continual presence when He calls. Hear Peter speak from prison, "The Lord stood by me and gave me power."

God's call is a commission. We need no other credentials. He could call a drunken barber out of the gutter and Mel Trotter became the head of the great rescue missions of two great cities. He could call the son of a slave and inspire a Carver to become His partner in scientific discovery. He could call a modest shepherd boy, unnoticed by the prophet Samuel, and David became Israel's greatest king. He could lift the meek shepherd of Midian out of comfortable isolation and set him in the very midst of the majestic workings of His providence.

Questions:

Was Moses wrong to face frankly his own small resources? Where was his failure in seeking to avoid leadership?

By what names do we know God best? Is there any better name for God than "I am?"

Is it the men of greatest talents who have been the greatest liberators? Or what qualities did make them great?

Did Moses find Aaron more of an asset or a liability? Explain.

JULY		BIBLE TEACHING ON THE COST OF DRINKING
25		READ—DEUTERONOMY 21:18-21; PROVERBS 23:20, 21 1 CORINTHIANS 6:9-11

"THE CLIMATE CHANGED AND THEY DIED." In this brief sentence science explains the end of those huge prehistoric animals whose awe-inspiring pictures our modern advertisers use as symbols of power. Our social structure with its laws to regulate and often restrict our personal freedoms is the climate-maker. Prohibition laws do not make drunken men sober, but they do create an atmosphere in which sobriety becomes more easy. Laws do not change character, for character grows from within, but they do create favorable situations in which the power of the gospel may do its work. The Church is legitimately interested in every law that guards its weaker members from temptation.

Drastic indeed was the punishment for a stubborn and drunken son in old Israel. God taught His people to consider sins against parents in the same category as sins against Himself. If our ways of punishment are less brutal today, the sin is no less evil. Remember that in Israel every son was a possible Messiah. To waste or debase manhood was to trifl with destiny. When the young prince complained that he was not allowed to do many things that his friends did, his tutor answered "You are a king's son." Every child is born into the royal family, and to choose stubbornly to live like a beast is to betray our royal blood. It is to sell our birthright for a mess of pottage.

ABSENTEEISM! How our war leaders despise this national enemy! The observation of all of us, indeed, our common sense, rightfully warns us against any investigation of absenteeism in our industrial plants that concludes that drinking has no important part in it. No possible excuse can be given for permitting the constant temptation to our workers to dull their senses and slow their reactions. The cost of drinking goes far beyond the losses it causes through absenteeism. For every cent of taxes it produces, the by-products of the evil business cost dollars. Drinking encourages infidelity and excesses in home life, murders, thefts, sex-crimes—every dishonorable thought and deed. The liquor traffic has no excuse at any time, but in wartime it means the unnecessary sacrifice of American lives, in and out of uniform.

"Washed . . . sanctified . . . justified" these are the meaningful words Paul uses to inspire the Corinthian Christians to clean living. "My personal habits are my personal business" was the reply one drinking man made to a friend brave enough to warn him. He was very, very wrong. God has an interest in each of us, purchased at the price of the life of His own Son. He has a right to expect us to give our best to His purposes. Wasted energies are His business and His loss. "Will a man rob God?" The drinker does.

Questions:

How far is the Church justified in political action?

Wherein lies the real sin of drinking?

Discuss "My personal habits are my own personal business."

What has drinking to do with patriotism in wartime? In peacetime?

DAILY MEDITATIONS

(Continued from page 38)

to say that if these persons had achieved so much in spite of their terrific handicaps, how much more they would have achieved without them! We are not so sure of it, much as we sympathize with all who are maimed one way or another. Suffering has enriched so many lives that we do not see it as the unmitigated curse this writer makes it to be. We recall the line: "The anguish of the singer makes the sweetness of the song."

Lord, do unto us that which seemeth good in Thy sight. Amen.

FRIDAY, JULY 23

CHILDREN'S LOVE

"OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF GOD"
READ MARK 10:13-16

WE read a newspaper account of a man who served a term of imprisonment for brutally ill-treating his boy. On the day that the father was released from prison the boy was waiting for him at the prison gates. He ran joyously forward, put his arms around his father and kissed him. The boy had actually waited outside the prison gates for five hours—waited for a father who had ill-treated him in an almost inhuman manner. Perhaps that boy saw something in his father that nobody else saw. But children forgive readily. They trust us; believe the best of us and are anxious to let us know how much they love.

Father, deliver us from irritability and from whatever mars and nullifies our influence for Thee. Amen.

SATURDAY, JULY 24

SOUL PROSPERITY

"EVEN AS THY SOUL PROSPERETH"
READ III JOHN 2

THE Apostle John earnestly hoped that his friend Gaius would have prosperity; above all, soul prosperity. John made it clear that, in his judgment, desirable though other blessings might be, if his friend did not prosper spiritually, nothing else mattered. Wealth, if used rightly may be a blessing; it may also be a curse. Even health has not prevented men from making a failure of life. We all write letters from time to time in which we wish our friends prosperity. It is a worthy custom and we are all in favor of it. But let us make it clear, as John did, that the only worthwhile prosperity is spiritual.

Lord, grant us Thy grace, for giving doth not impoverish Thee nor withholding enrich Thee. Amen.

SUNDAY, JULY 25

"THE MYSTERIES OF GOD"
READ I CORINTHIANS 4

RECENTLY we heard of a well-meaning pastor who tried to explain to bereaved parents just why God had taken away their child. The father replied: "We are grateful for your sympathy but your explanation does not satisfy." Exactly! Why should we feel called upon to try and explain the ways of God when holy men in all ages have bowed in reverence—and in perplexity. Jesus made it very clear to His disciples that He could not explain certain things to them; they simply could not comprehend. We can believe in the wisdom and goodness of God and wait—until, in His mercy, He makes things clear to us.

Lord, may we have such purity of heart that here and there we may see Thee and our hearts be strengthened.



A pilot, shot from the air, finds himself in the middle of a hostile ocean with only a tiny collapsible boat to cling to.

But you don't have to be in the air or at sea to find yourself in a similar predicament. An appalling number of us are at sea—spiritually—with not even a rubber boat in which to await rescue.

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MONDAY, JULY 26

THE KINGDOM OF GOD

"SEEK YE FIRST THE KINGDOM OF GOD"
READ MATTHEW 6:24-34

ONE of the really great preachers of Scotland, Dr. Thomas Chalmers, once preached a sermon with a high-sounding title, "The Expulsive Power of a New Affection." The idea behind that sermon lies at the heart of all Christian teaching. When a great affection comes to the soul, the smaller, trivial and tawdry things have to go. They are crowded out; there is no longer room for them. That is the truth which a great leader recently brought home to a gathering of ministers: "Our work is not to give advice to people on this, that, or the other subject but to preach the Gospel."

Father, we would love Thee with all our minds and hearts and strength. Amen.

THURSDAY, JULY 29

SOMETHING TO BOAST ABOUT

"GO WORK IN MY VINEYARD"
READ MATTHEW 21:28-32

IT IS a little painful and often amusing to hear people boasting about distinguished relatives or famous friends. Perhaps we have done some of it ourselves, so we had better not criticize too much. Here is a fine sentence from a preacher: "I should have been proud to have held the spy-glass for Columbus, to have picked up the fallen brush for Michelangelo, to have carried Milton's bag or to have blown the organ for Handel." Yes, and so would we. If it excites us to be honored in associating with human greatness, what a tremendous thrill we should get when we are associated with Almighty God.

Lord, Thou hast lifted us out of the miry clay and set our feet upon a rock. Amen.

FRIDAY, JULY 30

FAMILY UNLIKENESS

"THE BOND OF PERFECTNESS"
READ COLOSSIANS 3:1-16

WE TALK of "family likeness," yet the thing which often impresses us is the amount of family *unlikeness*. When we think of the human family, what startling contrasts are everywhere! What marked differences in tastes, tempers and dispositions. These past few years we have seen many heart-burnings because of these dissimilarities. What is there that can bring us together in harmony, goodwill and perfect understanding? One thing only; we must all love the same Father and realize that we are His children. That is the only common basis for human brotherhood. There is no other way.

Lord, may we not be conformed to this world but transformed by the renewing of our minds in Christ Jesus. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 28

THE VALLEY OF DECISION

"BETWEEN TWO OPINIONS"
READ I KINGS 18:21-40

THE writer of an internationally famous newspaper column says that fully fifty percent of all letters that come to his desk begin: "My problem is . . ." We believe him. Most people have difficulties which harrass them and they are looking for advice and help. We once lived in a fishing village on the Atlantic coast where the fishermen agreed that the most anxious time was when the boat was "tacking," with sails wildly fluttering before being set in a decided course. Spiritual indecision is an anxious time and wise, kindly people, who can help others become spiritually adjusted, are badly needed.

We bless Thee, Father, that Thou dost reveal Thyself, not to a few, but to all who open their hearts to receive Thee. Amen.

SATURDAY, JULY 31

THE HAPPY HEART

"REJOICE WITH JOY UNSPEAKABLE"
READ I PETER 3:8

RECENTLY we read some autobiographical notes written by one of America's outstanding preachers. They were modest, frank and sincere. Of his joy in preaching he wrote: "When I leave my vestry, step into the pulpit and face the congregation, there isn't a happier man in the city." We liked that and we feel sure it is true. And why shouldn't a man feel happy whose privilege it is to declare the good news of the Gospel? And remember, that holds true not only of preachers but for all Christians. Who has more right to be happy than a Christian? Who has less excuse for having a long face?

Lord, we are happy when we remember Thee; our cup is filled to overflowing. Amen.

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IF STARS WERE LOAVES

(Continued from page 24)

carefully dressed for the evening, a formality she insisted upon.

The telephone rang, a jangling sound in the stillness. Stephen picked up the receiver. He heard his father's clipped voice, "Stephen, there's been a bad accident, and I have a job for you to do. Go to the Carsons'." Stephen's sharp intake of breath was audible in his father's ears. "Now, listen, Son. It's Henry Carson. Fell from a scaffolding on that new building, and I'm afraid it's his back. The hospital is full, but we'll get him in. Go to the Carsons' and get Mrs. Carson—and yes, maybe the girl."

"All right, Father." The years seemed to descend heavily upon Stephen's shoulders. He drew them back to accept the load. He drove quickly up the road toward the Carson house.

Katherine, sitting by the old sycamore, looked up at the familiar sound of Stephen's car, and a warm feeling came over her. She didn't know then that he had spoiled all other men for her forever. His black hair, shining like a cap upon his head, his features clean and regular; his honest searching eyes; his lank figure that always seemed too lean, and his humor that never failed him.

As he stopped the car in front of her, she knew instantly that something was wrong. She hurriedly stood up and came over to him.

"Get in, Kit. I'm going up to your house."

Something rushed over her heart, squeezing it painfully. She suddenly realized that they were as far apart as the poles and that as they grew older, the distance would be greater.

"What is it, Stephen?" she asked quietly.

"Katherine," said he who had never called her anything but Kit. "I must tell you before we reach the house." He put his hand down on her small tanned fingers, as if to ward off the blow. His face was white, and the words came with difficulty. "I've watched you growing up, and I've seen you take a lot of things in your stride. This is going to be harder than any of them."

She remembered afterward how she had braced herself for what was coming. There could be only one thing—her father was dead. She had lived in the vicinity of factory and mill too long not to know the meaning of accidents.

Stephen was telling her. Accident. It's his back, Kit. You must brace yourself and help your mother, for she will need someone to rely upon.

"Then he's not dead, Stephen?" Her words were anguish.

I can't tell her that this may be worse than death, Stephen thought. He started the car and they drove up to the house, Katherine's figure small and straight beside his lankiness.

Yes, Katherine had reason to remember the day when the sign was hung.

The hospital corridor was dim and cool and quiet. The odor of ether drifted to Katherine's nostrils and she shuddered as she realized that this was her father's room that they were approaching.

Dr. Chandler led them to a glassed-in

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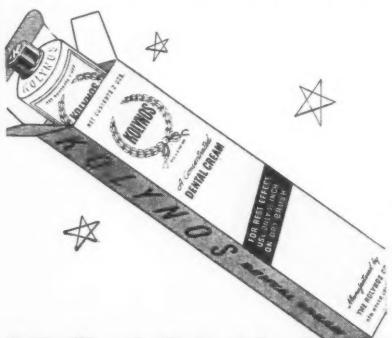
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KOLYNOS TOOTH PASTE

porch. He was tall and distinguished looking, with white hair and good features. He took off his glasses and polished them and Stephen knew by the gesture that he was nervous.

"How is Henry?" Mrs. Carson's voice had a thin brittleness.

"Mrs. Carson, I have called in a consultant. He will arrive in a few minutes from St. Louis. We are hopeful that the first diagnosis is correct, and that your husband will recover rapidly."

The hours that followed were cruelly painful. Stephen would not give up and go home. He could remember too many kindnesses that a work-worn man had shown a small boy to leave that man's wife and daughter in their hour of need.

"That is the Small Dipper, and over there, the Big Dipper, Stephen. Now show me Jupiter. That's right. Take my field-glasses and see if you can locate the bump on the man-in-the-moon's nose." Henry Carson talking to the boy, Stephen Chandler.

The whole family under the giant maple tree on warm summer nights. Dianthe asleep in her mother's lap, Hank chasing fireflies and Kit sitting at her father's knees.

Henry Carson had always provided a home for them. What if the frosting on the cake had been a bit thin? And the roast for Sunday dinners none too large, and Kit's dresses sometimes made over from those of a distant cousin? Kit would go to college, and so would Dianthe and Hank. The money for Kit was already saved up.

Stephen knew afterwards that it had never occurred to Katherine to regret it—the money for her college education went for doctors and hospitals. But Henry Carson never walked again.

Yes, the day that the sign was hung, Katherine had reason to remember. She had her talk with Stephen weeks later.

"Stephen," she said softly as they scuffed the leaves underfoot on the way to the station for his train to St. Louis, "do you think I'd be any good as a nurse?" She wanted his approval for the course she had decided was the one she must take.

"Why not, Kit? You brought your dolls all through their childhood diseases." He stopped her there in the path, setting his bags down. "I think, Kit, you'd be a grand nurse," he added softly.

In the spring of 1940, Katherine stood with the other nurses on the little platform at the University Hospital and received her pin. She had worked her way through school. After the exercises, she walked swiftly, her uniform rustling, to the seats her family occupied. Katherine's mother was a little more slender and worn looking and sat talking quietly to her husband in his wheel chair. Katherine's heart stood still as she saw the deep furrows in his wide forehead. That formerly copper hair of his was snowy as Grand's and his eyes were shadowed in pain.

The room was emptying itself quickly now. Katherine must say goodby and let them go, for her father was tired, and some of the girls were waiting for her at the dormitory. She kissed her family with a radiant smile for each one and said, "I'm coming home for a week-end, I think early in June. I'll try to stay longer—if I can get away."

The telegram lay on the hall table. She

discovered it when one of the girls called out, "Kitty, there's a wire there somewhere; it just came for you."

Something caused her to pause and think for a moment before she opened it. Who would be wiring her? "CONGRATULATIONS STOP AM JOINING STAFF OF FATHER'S HOSPITAL STOP NEED GOOD NURSE STOP PLEASE WIRE ACCEPTANCE IMMEDIATELY."

Immediate decision. There was Grand's bent figure in a hazy background of memory, white beard moving as his curt voice said, "Don't dilly-dally, Kate. Learn to make your decisions quickly. World's not going to wait while you weigh things against each other."

Suddenly Katherine's fingers began to shake. This would mean so much to her family. But it meant that she would not go on with special duty at the children's ward in the hospital where she was now doing research. Dreams, Grand had said, men should have their dreams, but they must also know when to be practical.

The hospital at Delmain . . . A chance to do research there in the laboratory and with Dr. Stephen Chandler perhaps to guide her. Katherine picked up the telephone and dialed Western Union.

(To be continued)

WHAT DOES RUSSIA WANT?

(Continued from page 14)

On the other hand, a large number of churches in the U.S.S.R. have been closed down since the Revolution because of a falling-off in interest on the part of their supporters. In the early days there were also unquestionably local excesses against priests and other church officials who had been linked up with the old Tsarist regime or who took part in one of the counter-revolutionary movements against the Soviet Republic. The Soviet Government never countenanced such excesses, but it did approve the drastic punishment of all persons, including religious officials, who participated in counter-revolutionary actions. Hence some priests were shot or imprisoned, not because there was a persecution of religion, but because all political enemies of the new regime were severely handled.

While the official philosophy of Soviet Russia is opposed to the old religious superstitions which plagued old Russia, we must remember that on the ethical side the Soviet Union supports many of the ideals dearest to the Christian religion, particularly in its New Testament form. The Russians believe firmly in peace on earth, good will toward men, in freedom and equality among the different races and nations, in creating a life of abundance for all of the people, in a true brotherhood of man. That is why ex-Ambassador Joseph E. Davies, in his notable book, "Mission to Moscow," says that while German Nazism cannot possibly be reconciled with Christianity, "the Christian religion could be imposed on Russian Communism without violating the

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economic and political purposes of Communism."

Another obstacle to American-Soviet cooperation is the fear that after the war, the Soviet Union will march its armies throughout Europe setting up Communist regimes. This fantastic nightmare is a favorite theme of the anti-Soviet diehards in the United States, who are merely echoing the propaganda of Goebbels and Hitler. It should be clear from what I have said that Moscow has no such intentions. In the first place, it is hardly conceivable that Soviet Russia, which has suffered such enormous casualties and such great material losses, will wish to engage in doubtful and costly military adventures. Nor will it wish to become embroiled with its present allies, the United States and Great Britain, whose cooperation it will certainly need for post-war reconstruction.

Furthermore, aggression abroad in order to establish socialist systems is contrary to all Soviet policy and principle. Spreading a certain form of government through aggression is the Fascist method. The Soviet people certainly believe that their economic system is superior to capitalism. But under the leadership of Joseph Stalin and the group associated with him, it has long been the policy to make Socialism a visible and outstanding success within the extensive borders of the U.S.S.R., thus letting it serve as an example to the rest of the world. And it is precisely in order to make its own program a success that Soviet Russia supports the five fundamental aims I have outlined—world peace, collective security, self-determination of peoples, international trade and universal disarmament.

These basic principles of Soviet foreign policy constitute a common foundation upon which firm American-Soviet cooperation can be built, both for winning the struggle against the Axis and for avoiding an even more terrible third World War that may come if this cooperation is not established and maintained.

GOYA'S BLACKSMITHS

(Continued from page 33)

hymn to joy from out his artist's heart.

Then, perhaps, continuing to look at this work of great art, as little by little your eyes make it a part of your life, you see that just as the carefully planned composition of the picture focuses our attention upon the workers, so it is constructed with a further depth of conscious intention, to focus the attention of the workers upon their work. The general effect of fixing our attention on the workers is achieved by Goya's mastery of masses of shadow and light. This further effect of showing the attention of the workers intently fixed upon the work in hand is done by his mastery of line.

It slowly dawns upon you how the lines converge upon the very core and center of the picture, that is, the work that is being done. The two arms of the helper make a triangle pointing down to the work. The long line of the handle of the hammer points straight at it. The eyes of the helper and of the master-smith are fixed on it. You yourself do not see it—not with the literal eyes of the flesh, but how you feel it there, the

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very center, the core, the goal of all that effort! Work, sacred work, the human activity in which we partake of the divine principle we call "God, the Maker of Heaven and Earth."

It is about at this stage of living yourself into a great masterpiece of art by really looking at it, that you notice the helper, the man bent over the anvil holding in his pincers the piece of brute iron which they are—all working together—shaping into strong form. He is braced with all his strength to receive and withstand the giant blow which is about to fall. His foot clutches hold on the earth. His leg is bent to give it resilience against the coming shock. (And oh! with what a cunning skill of the accomplished master of perspective, is that bent leg drawn!) But look more closely at his face. You see in it not excitement, as one might expect from the exciting character of the action, nor tensity of mind to go with those tautly flexed muscles. You see a calm acceptance of what it is his work to do. It is for him to hold fast, for another to strike. Well, he will hold fast! He will take his lot as it comes to him. Looking at him you remember the old adage, "Everyone must be either hammer or anvil." Somehow you had always proudly assumed that your part was to be the hammer, the active principle. That has seemed the privileged role to play. Who would want to be an anvil?

But now, you look from the man-anvil, his beautiful dark eyes fixed soberly on what it is his part to do, down to the real anvil. You had taken that for granted, hadn't you? It is so unobtrusively painted, its massive heaviness depicted so naturally that it is one of the last things you notice about the painting. Yet now as the inner significance of a great artist's creation slowly penetrates to the eye of the spirit, you see that the anvil is the base, the foundation of that great rounded knot of energy in the center of the canvas. It is as vital, as indispensable an element in the act of creation taking place before our eyes, as the dramatic power of the great arms, as the watchful experienced skill of the master-mind. Without an anvil those blows would flail the air in futility. It is because the speed and motive-power of the hammer meets with the dense static resistance of the anvil that they are creative. Into your memory comes a lovely line that everybody knows by heart, but that most of us interpret sentimentally or cloudily, or perhaps really never actively understood at all—a line written a century and a half before Goya showed us what an anvil really is—"They also serve who only stand and wait."

PARTIES WITH PUNCH (Continued from page 41)

juice and water, and add the gingerale. The gingerale should not be added until just before the lemonade is to be served. Yield: 56 servings.

FROSTED JUICE

Crush white pillow mints with a rolling pin until they look like powdered sugar. Wet rims of glasses and dip in powdered mints. Fill glasses with shaved ice, being careful not to disturb sugared rims. Fill with well-chilled grapefruit or pineapple

juice. Garnish with raspberries and sprigs of mint. Serve at once.

With the punch, serve cookies that have a distinctly homemade look, yet which are made by recipes in tune with rationing. Cereals will conceal the lack of shortening, give a texture and a chewy quality all their own. Bake these mixtures in shallow pans and cut into bar shapes after cooling. Or drop uncounted dozens two inches or so apart on baking sheets. Bake them quickly and only until done. Drop cookies dry out much too much if they are over-baked, and just a slight bit of over-baking shows this up.

CATALINA COOLER

2 cups boiling water	orange and lemon slices
8 teaspoons tea	and fresh cherries,
1½ cups sugar	berries, or banana
5 cups orange juice	slices
1 cup lemon juice	
2 quarts iced water,	1 quart orange sherbet
	gingerale or charged
	water

Steep tea in boiling water 5 minutes. Strain. Dissolve sugar in hot tea infusion. Cool. Add chilled fruit juices. Just before serving from punch bowl add iced water or carbonated beverage. Garnish with orange and lemon slices and the other fresh fruit. Float "islands" of sherbet on top. But this is a good party punch without the sherbet. Yield: about 1 gallon, serves 16 large glasses or 32 small punch glasses.

PRUNE NEWSIES

2 EGGS	1 cup all-bran
¾ cup sugar	1 ¼ cups chopped
½ cup prune juice	cooked prunes
2 cups flour	½ cup chopped dates
4 teaspoons baking powder	½ cup chopped nut
1 teaspoon salt	meats
½ teaspoon ground cloves	½ cup melted shortening

Beat eggs; add sugar and prune juice. Sift flour with baking powder, salt and cloves; add to first mixture. Add all-bran, fruit, nut meats and melted shortening. Mix quickly and drop by heaping teaspoonfuls on greased baking sheet. Bake in moderately hot oven (400°F.) about 10 minutes. Yield: 4 dozen cookies (2½ inches in diameter). Note: Batter may be baked in cake pans and cut into bars. Yield: 2 pans (8 x 8 inch pans).

PEP FILLED COOKIES

1½ cups chopped dates	1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
½ cup sugar	¾ cups sifted flour
2 tablespoons water	2 tablespoons baking
2 tablespoons orange juice	powder
1 tablespoon grated orange rind	½ teaspoon salt
1 cup shortening	½ cup water
	1½ teaspoons vanilla
	2 cups cereal flakes

Combine dates, sugar, water, orange juice and grated orange rind; cook until soft paste is formed. Blend shortening and sugar thoroughly. Sift flour, baking powder and salt together and add alternately with water and flavoring to first mixture. Stir in cereal flakes. Chill. Roll dough to about $\frac{1}{8}$ inch in thickness. Cut with floured cookie cutter; spread one round with filling and put a second round on top, pressing edges close together. Bake on greased baking sheet in moderately hot oven (425°F.) about 12 minutes. Yield: 36 cookies (2½ inches in diameter).

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EDITORIAL

(Continued from page 12)

shall continue to do so but with an accelerated tempo. Particularly we shall support the plans and activities of Allied Youth.

We shall work for the prohibition of liquor, advertising in newspapers and magazines, on billboards and on the radio. We shall identify ourselves with local option campaigns wherever they may be launched.

But surely there is something more required and we ask the counsel of those who have experience and wisdom.

Finally, is not the time at hand when men and women in all faiths and of all political groups who are represented by this expressed cross-section of Christian America, should be further represented in a conference or in conferences to present, discuss and adopt plans for national united action?

We invite your answer to this question.

I VISIT THE BARTEKS

(Continued from page 21)

genuine: "So I guess I'll just sign off. I hope to meet you in New York soon. So long, Sgt. Johnny Bartek."

On my next trip to Freehold to get the precious volume, I took Mrs. Stifler. On this visit we met the two little brothers, George and Paul. Again we sat around the table and again we read the letters that were still coming every day. One that had come that very day was from a lawyer in Washington, D. C. Unlike many of those who had written Johnny, this fine layman was neither questioning the validity of his faith, nor offering him a movie or radio contract, nor inviting him to join some peculiar sect, nor asking him to endorse some cigarette or pipe tobacco. He treated Johnny like the man he is, and thanked God for the testimony he had given to a stricken world. He wrote:

"In recent months we have seen some signs of a national spiritual awakening and now the country realizes that God has answered our prayers by using you men and your testimony for Him in giving a great impetus to this spiritual revival—not only in this country but, we believe, throughout the whole world. You have strengthened the faith of all, started many praying and encouraged thousands to increased prayer in stronger faith."

"In doing this fine spiritual service for Christ, you gentlemen have done far more to win the war as well as the peace, than you will ever be able to accomplish as mere scientists or soldiers; I am not belittling your splendid achievements in science and militarism when I say this. You gentlemen, like Queen Esther, have been in God's wisdom 'brought to the Kingdom for such a time as this.'"

We learned more about the family on this second trip. Just a few weeks before the shocking news of Johnny's plane came through, one of the daughters, Ruth, had dropped dead of heart-failure on the streets of Freehold. The family was passing through the deep valley, but they knew their way, for God was with them.

The arrival of Johnny Bartek's Bible at the Bible House started something. We said to ourselves, "Why should those who

are set adrift on the trackless sea not be assured of a copy of God's guiding word?" So we, at the American Bible Society, wrote to the War Shipping Administration in Washington, offering to place a New Testament in a waterproof container on every life-raft and every lifeboat of every merchant vessel. The offer was accepted, priorities secured for the paper, the adhesives, the lead foil and the cellophane required for the envelope—and the orders began to stream in.

Then one day we arranged for a formal token presentation. The War Shipping Administration designated a large brand-new vessel just loading for her maiden voyage at an Eastern port and appointed an hour for the presentation of one of the packaged Testaments.

As we traveled to the dock, my colleague at the Bible House said to me, "Francis, what is the name of this ship on which we are to have our ceremony?" Of course I didn't know. "Well, it is the S. S. *Eliphilet Nott*," my companion said. "Did you ever hear of such a name?" Indeed I had! Eliphilet Nott was president of Union College at Schenectady, New York, from 1804 to 1866. In 1816 he was one of those who came to New York City to organize the American Bible Society. He became an important member of the committee which drew up the original draft of the Society's constitution. Some people call such things coincidences; others see them as the acts of God!

Then we wrote to the Navy, and we were authorized to place the waterproof packaged Testaments on the lifeboats of Naval vessels and Navy planes; later we were authorized to include them in the equipment of the great transport vessels. While we hope that the men on none of these craft will ever be forced to take to the lifeboats and rafts, it is nevertheless a satisfaction to know that it will no longer be left to the chance that there will be a Johnny Bartek who will produce a copy of God's guiding word for drifting men.

God works in mysterious ways his wonders to perform! The tremendous popularity of Eddie Rickenbacker served to focus the attention of the whole nation, if not the world, upon this particular disaster. But with it God used twenty years of devotion to the Bible in the home of an obscure workingman to put a copy of His sacred Word into the white light of that event to a degree that, in my opinion, has directed the attention of the world to the power of the Word as nothing else could ever have done.

I have a beautiful Bible on my desk that I am going to present to Johnny Bartek the next time he comes to New York. On the cover in letters of gold there are inscribed the words: "To John F. Bartek whose fidelity to daily Bible reading helped to save the lives of seven men adrift on the Pacific October 21 to November 13, 1942."

This is really only part of the story. To the end of time in our military history it is reasonable now to expect that, because of Johnny Bartek's dependence upon his Bible, countless men adrift on the sea will find not only flares, fishing tackle and condensed food to keep their bodies alive, but a little Book whose changeless word will keep their spirits buoyant and their minds at peace till human help or heaven can reach them.



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I WISH I COULD TELL YOU

(Continued from page 30)

found I was far down the line. We read the papers as we had never read them before, stumbling over strange unfamiliar words. We saved on fats, and we saved on sugar, and prices went sky-high. Things looked good for farmers—I might be able to buy the Big House sooner than I expected.

More and more boys went off to camp. People dug up flags, and were ashamed of not knowing the words to "America" and "The Star Spangled Banner." School children learned the flag salute. It looked as if a lot of people hadn't thought so much about having a country to be proud of until the war jogged their memories.

In June there was a drive on for Liberty Bonds. I didn't buy one, although I had money saved up. And then there was a second one in October.

And still I hadn't seen you. Rumors I had heard, to be sure, that you went into town regularly to help with Red Cross work, but that always came at an hour when I could not get away. Aunt Letitia, so the story went, grew more tyrannical each day, keeping you by her side more and more.

I don't know who it was that shamed her into letting you help with the October Liberty Bond drive. But you came in anyway, to make a little speech from the stand built just in front of the post office. Several prominent men and two other girls sat on the stand—all over the country they were putting up young girls to smile a bit, and say a few words, and help to push the sales. It was the smart thing to do. There was a flag over the platform, and behind it a poster urging young men to enlist for the defense of their country, with instructions to sign up in the post office.

I wouldn't have been in town to hear you speak that day had not the mower broke. But come in I did, just as I was, wearing faded blue overalls and a soiled shirt. I came by the platform just as they were calling on you for your little speech. You were laughing, and the sun was in your hair. All the loneliness of the past months, all my hunger for sight of you, all the dreams of my heart must have shone in my eyes as I stood there watching you, my yellow head, as always, high above the others. The smile died on your lips when you saw me standing there, and the two of us stood looking at each other until someone touched your arm and told you to go on.

I suppose you knew, for certainly I didn't, why when you opened your lips to speak it was not the little speech you had prepared that came out, but rather, the words of my poem—the one I delivered that night last winter when later we walked home together.

"Once to every man and nation," you began, and there was that in your voice that brought the farthest, most restless listener under the spell of your voice, ". . . comes the moment to decide."

You stood there, with the flag and the poster behind you. They were all mixed up in my mind—you, and the flag, and that boy in the olive drab who was going to save America. I wanted to do something big, something dramatic, something worthy of you. Something faster than

saving the Big House. I turned and walked purposefully away.

You were just coming down from the platform when I walked out of the post office. You held out your hand. "Forgive me for saying your piece," you begged.

And I said, "Victoria, I've enlisted." You said, "Oh, Eric, I think that's grand!"

You seemed so happy over it. I guess you knew the things they had been saying about me—things they said about any able-bodied man who stayed at home, even with a good excuse. Things I'd been too busy, or too preoccupied, to notice.

"I'm so glad," you cried, and stood on tip-toe, kissing me with childlike impulsiveness. Watching you, nobody thought anything much of it, I'm sure. Girls did that sort of thing then. Some of them kissed every boy of their acquaintance when they enlisted. But you weren't that sort of a girl. It meant more to us than that, and we both knew it.

I went to France. There's no need of going into that. Everyone knows about things over there, or thinks he does—the mud, the loneliness and stark horror we were plunged into. I had things about the same as the others—no better, no worse. I was wounded, and lay a long time in the rain before I was picked up and taken to a hospital. I was hungry, and cold, and scared silly plenty of times. I fought rats and vermin and I grumbled about the food. And I did plenty of thinking.

It was funny that I had to go through all those things to see that I was an American. There I had been, a great hulking fellow, grown to be a man, whose one idea was to salvage a piece of land dear to the girl I loved. Now, out of the mud and loneliness and misery, I somehow got to seeing that America was my responsibility. Don't ask me how it happened, for I don't rightly know. I had enlisted in a boyish spirit of bravado, hoping to impress you. Now it was a man whose hungry eyes watched the Statue of Liberty loom up over the horizon as I came home. You were important still, but there were other things, as well. The old girl in the harbor was one, and all the things she stands for.

I came home one April day when the sun was warm on Missouri hills and fields. From the letters I had had from you I knew something of what had gone on at home. Aunt Letty was dead, and the Big House had gone to strangers, and you were working in the Merriton Bank. There was no moment in all my battles in France that my heart beat as it did when I walked into the room where you sat.

I said, "Victoria—" my voice dying in my throat.

You looked up and saw me standing there, a rumpled figure in my ill-fitting uniform.

"Eric—" you cried, and jumped up, sending papers flying to the floor.

Then you were in my arms, and we kept saying each other's name over and over, as if they were the only reality, the only beauty in the world. I didn't care if all the town looked in and saw us.

And neither, apparently, did you.

And so, we were married.

(Continued on next page)

There are those, I know, who could write a magnificent poem, or a great book, without having known half so much of happiness as we have had together. Such a simple, ordinary kind of happiness—buying a farm, building a house, bringing up a family. Knowing sickness and trouble, happiness and joy. Following the march of the seasons—watching spring blossom into summer, summer melt into fall. Filling stockings at Christmas, buying fireworks in July. Sharing everything, whether good or bad, together. Shaping a bit of ourselves into eternity through the children.

We lived our lives freely, as we wanted to, with no one to bother us or to force us to make them different. Most everybody we knew was doing the same thing. I guess it was what we call the American Way of life—the sort of life that made it possible for an ignorant, clumsy Swedish tenant boy to grow up and marry the girl he loved, knowing that he asked nothing more of life than the privilege of sharing it with her.

Such a simple kind of life, but all I wanted. The kind of life I would be willing to see my children follow after me. The kind of life that is worth fighting for—worth dying for.

That's what I'd like to tell you Victoria—the way I feel about it, and you. It's what I would have liked to have told our son when he went off to camp this morning, if only I could have found the words.

AMERICA TALKIN'

(Continued from page 35)

He was just anybody with a big heart—Christ's Good Neighbor. Yet, because of him, we had the Red Cross, and hospitals . . . and such friendly places as Mont Lawn. As for the Jericho Road, that reached clear around the world now. Men of all nations were our neighbors. In their need, never must we pass them by on the other side. And here at Mont Lawn, we must go out of our way to be especially "good neighbors" to those who were born—or whose parents were born—in another land.

"Furriners!" sniffed Toughie. But that night he knelt, as others did, by his little iron cot, and promised Mr. Samaritan to let up a bit on Wopsy . . . and that dumb Swede boy in school, and even, maybe, on that little Jap, Nippy.

Finally came the dreaded day-before-the-last. Back to the alley! He'd pick a bunch of clover heads and a box of grass for Mom, to show her what this place smelled like.

He found a nice shady tree to gloom under. He heard Wopsy, in the distance, singing that "Funiculi" he'd sung at the Nature Study program, and shouting, "Viva Italia!" Somebody oughta stop im!

"Nenemy!" he yelled across the lawn. The little Italian flashed him a grin a block wide.

"Zitto!" he yelled back.

Toughie knew by now, that was Italian for "Shut up!" He leaped to his feet, clenched his fists, stuck out his chin, went through the motions. Nothing happened. He gave a sickly smile and sat down again—to think. He sat tight on

the wooden bench, put his hands between his knees, and rocked to and fro with the effort of it. Thinking made you sweat in the head. It hurt.

It had started—this change in him—even before he heard about Mr. Samaritan. It had started saluting the Flag. All the kids facing it, pledging allegiance. Seeing them furriners doing it, and not wanting to spit in their eye. It had come to him there.

In the alley, Fritz was a Hun, and Wopsy was a back-stabbing Dago, and Nippy, a yellow skunk; the Jews were Ikies, and the Roosians were Reds.

But out here at Mont Lawn, eatin' and playin' with all sorts of furrin kids, goin' to chapel with 'em, gettin' to know 'em and like 'em. Gee! It was what Mr. Bill said those big words meant that you promised the Flag—one nation indivisible.

"Every dime and dollar
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solute necessities should
go into War Bonds and
Stamps to add to the strik-
ing power of our armed
forces."

—President Roosevelt.

Remember that someday there will again be shining new cars, modern radios, refrigerators and all the comforts and conveniences which have given America the highest standard of living in the world. You can't buy them today—but you can save for them tomorrow and help to insure Victory at the same time by investing to the limit today in—

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Gee! It was what Mr. Bill said united meant.

Toughie lifted his perturbed head to see what all the clapping was about.

Mr. Bill patting Wopsy on the shoulder because he was an Honor Camper. Not for being home-run king like Toughie; not for makin' a swell tank out of pickin's from the junk heap. Oh, no! Just for helpin' fumblers to make their beds—just for bein' kind, a good neighbor.

Then suddenly, to everyone's amazement, Toughie was on his feet clapping his loudest, whistling between his teeth, cheering for Wopsy.

"America talkin'!" he yelled through his mike, now merely his own cupped hands, "I'm tellin' ya! Wopsy and me is pals! Nippy and Fritz, too—mebbe! Toughie, signing off."

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NEW BOOKS TO READ

By
DANIEL A. POLING

(FRANK S. MEAD REVIEWED THE NEW BOOKS
DURING DR. POLING'S ABSENCE ABROAD)

Life Out There, by Johnny Bartek. (Scribner, 117 pp., \$1.75.) No "ghost" wrote this one; the language is that of Private Johnny Bartek, who had the only Testament aboard the rafts that floated Rickenbacker & Company on the Pacific. It has the punch of the primitive; some may call it rough in spots, but that's just the way Johnny felt, and that's the way he tells it. He had more than a nodding acquaintance with religion before he took to the raft; his faith was probably the salvation of his companions, captains and colonels though they were. If the ministers don't get a dozen sermons out of "Life Out There," then the ministers are fast asleep; if the laymen don't read it avidly, then we don't know the laymen.

Journey Among Warriors, by Eve Curie. (Doubleday, Doran & Co., 501 pp., \$3.50.) Eve Curie (half French, half Polish, 100 per cent internationalist) has a good brain, a sharp pair of eyes and a brilliant pen. She uses all three in describing what she saw on a 40,000 mile jaunt around the battlefields of this war. She saw more and looked deeper than any other correspondent or writer we have read so far; her material on Russia, especially, is profound.

Queens Die Proudly, by William L. White. (Harcourt, Brace & Co., 273 pp., \$2.50.) The author of "They Were Expendable" turns to writing of the lives and deaths of the old U. S. Flying Fortresses over Java, the Philippines and Australia. Something of the punch of the first volume seemed to us to be missing in the second, yet it is a book that will make you breathe faster and shake your head at the almost suicidal gallantry of the men who flew those "Forts" in that hopeless battle over Java and the Philippines. It does not leave you desolate or dismayed, but with the faith that the destiny of civilization is in safe hands as it soars with these airmen in the dim reaches of the sky.

Mamma's Bank Account, by Kathryn Forbes. (Harcourt, Brace & Co., 204 pp., \$2.00.) Mamma is completely lovable—and 100 per cent efficient! Warm, droll, dramatic, amusing, tear-jerking, we recommend it to all who are down-in-the-mouth. Mamma, a Norwegian, lives a life and a philosophy of which we'd say, as she says, (if she doesn't mind our plagiarism) "Is good!"

Mutiny in January, by Carl Van Doren. (Viking, 288 pp., \$3.50.) Written somewhat as a sequel to Van Doren's "Secret History of the Revolution," the author here paints the tense, dramatic account of a mutiny in the Continental Army that might have put a quick end to the

American cause. It is one of those "Ifs" of history that not one in a million of us ever hear about. It seems hardly fair to call them mutineers; they were patriots, and they were being treated badly by Congress and their fellow-Americans, and you almost don't blame them for rebelling. You know, when you have finished this one, just how much those Continental soldiers suffered to give us this nation, and you see on what a slender thread the whole Revolutionary enterprise hung, in that decisive winter of 1781. If this "mutiny" had succeeded, the United States today would be a British colony. And it came very close to succeeding.

The Year of Decision: 1846, by Bernard de Voto. (Little, Brown & Co., 527 pp., \$3.50.) We would nominate this one for the Pulitzer prize for the writing of history. De Voto sees 1846 as one of the most momentous twelve months in American history. His book is not dreary history, though there is plenty of history in it; these pages are alive. You smell the smoke of the campfires of '46, you suffer and starve and rejoice with the pioneers of the period as they change the face of a continent.

The Little Prince, by Antoine de Saint-Exupéry. (Reynal & Hitchcock, 91 pp., \$2.00.) At first glance this looks like a little book for little children; it turns out to be a big book for big people. You must become a child again to read it, but it is as subtle as a hidden cloud of refreshing rain. The Little Prince drops in on Saint-Exupéry in the middle of the Sahara Desert—and their conversations are literature that will not die. It gave this reviewer his happiest two hours since Pearl Harbor.

Father and Glorious Descendant, by Pardee Lowe. (Little, Brown & Co., 322 pp., \$2.50.) Pardee Lowe writes of a great and gentle father (born in China, but at heart American!) in terms that make you envy any boy with a father like that; he writes of his own struggles against American misunderstanding, prejudice and ignorance in terms that make you wish you had a boy like this! You will laugh over it; you will blush for shame at our American misunderstanding of the greatest people God ever made; and you will be glad that you live in a country which will make Chinese Pardees corporals in the U. S. Army—which is what he is now. Altogether, it is Grade A.

In Peace Japan Breeds War, by Gustav Eckstein. (Harper, 326 pp., \$2.50.) Far and away the most revealing book we have read yet, on Japan and the Japanese.

CHRISTIAN HERALD JULY 1943 • PAGE 52

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The author takes them apart; he is sympathetic, fair, keen, but you get the idea that he hardly admires this people who were so hard for him to understand. He covers just about everyone in Japan from peasant baby to Emperor. It's a "must" for your list on Japan.

Monkey, translated by Arthur Waley. (John Day, 306 pp., \$2.75.) Translated from the original Chinese, this is said to be "the most widely-read folk novel of China," and we can believe that. It is satire and folk-lore, allegory and religion—it is China's "Arabian Nights." There is no finer bedside book in print.

The Mind and Faith of Justice Holmes, edited by Max Lerner. (Little, Brown & Co., 474 pp., \$4.00.) An admirable assemblage of the speeches, essays, letters and judicial opinions of one of the greatest Americans ever produced on this soil, one of the ablest and most forward-looking of the Justices ever to sit on the U. S. Supreme Court. The judicial opinions will be read more rapidly by lawyers than by laymen; the other sections give deep insights into the brain and soul of this amazing American.

New Eyes For Invisibles, by Rufus Jones. (Macmillan, 185 pp., \$2.00.) Any book by Rufus Jones is an event; this one is no exception. Dr. Jones writes with the same dramatic mysticism so evident in his earlier works; he holds that the real battle, now as always, is in the soul. With all the world in darkness, he points out the Light, and he issues a welcome note of surety when he convinces us—that's the word—convinces us that "even now, God knows what is in the dark." It is a book to give wings to your soul.

Winter's Tales, by Isak Dinesen. (Random House, 313 pp., \$2.50.) The author (actually, the Baroness Blixen) is Danish; hence her book has an Old World flavor that is arresting to those who know that world and love it. The tales are gently, beautifully told; the reader rolls their cadences in his mind and heart delectably. If you are only American, leave it alone; if you are broad of heart and mind, enjoy it.

Yesterday's Children, by LaMar Warwick. (Crowell, 202 pp., \$2.00.) A mother and father of the older generation (yesterday's children) go in for self-analysis and heart-searching in an attempt to really understand their son Randy—one of today's children. The language of the book is sophisticated, but we suggest it as required reading for all parents. The religious emphasis of this book is attractive.

A Newman Treasury, by Charles F. Harrold. (Longmans, 404 pp., \$4.00.) Long ago we learned that to read John Henry Cardinal Newman was to read the finest prose ever written by human hand. True, the spirit of Newman rushed like an ungovernable stream into Catholicism—but it is still mighty prose! Here we have gathered the finest work of his pen, in well-selected long and short pieces. Men of all faiths and of none must feel in it the lifting pressure of the Everlasting Arms.

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You make 50¢ cash on every 21-card Feature Christmas Assortment you sell at \$1.00. Only 20 boxes pay you \$10.00 cash. Also get fast cash for \$5.00 for \$1. Name-imprint EMBOSSED Christmas Greeting Cards. Gorgeous eye-catching designs. Amazing values never seen before. 11 other popular assortments. Oil-Etch, Religious, Gift Wrap, etc. Also \$1 Personal Signature. No experience needed. Start earning now. Write for samples on approval.
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Honor your members with the armed forces—display a beautiful service flag with one star for each person in service. Ask for free catalogue. Write today.

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Christian Workers! Here is your opportunity to earn cash rewards by selling greeting cards that express your Christian faith. Also Bibles, Bible Store Books and Christian SERVICE MEN'S ASSORTMENTS. Wonderful line. Outstanding opportunity. Write for Sample Box on Approval and complete details.

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Sell Christmas Cards

Stamping 21-card SU-PREME Christmas Box \$1—other sensational fast-sellers pay YOU up to 100% profit. Gift Wraps, NEW Year Cards, etc. Write TODAY for Samples on Approval.

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Practical nurses are needed in every community... doctors rely on them... patients appreciate their cheerful, expert care. You can learn practical nursing at home or in hospital. Course endorsed by physicians. 4th yr. Earn while learning. High School not required. Men, women, 18 to 60. Write now.

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Dept. 557, 100 East Ohio Street, Chicago, Ill.
Please send free booklet and 18 sample lesson pages.
Name _____
City _____ State _____ Age _____

Straight Talk

War

Dear Editor:

Is it not very, very strange that so many of our people are disposed to ask the question as to what we are fighting for in this most beastly of all wars? Can they not see from the start that Christianity is at stake, that it is threatened with extermination? Christianity, the greatest and most potent factor of all the civilizing and most moralizing forces that humanity will ever know. Can't they see that far?

Glendale, Calif.

F. M. Root

• Alas, Reader Root, it seems they can't. *Christian Herald* has paid a fairly high price in cancellations, in its insistence upon this very point, but we think it good to pay. The most casual acquaintance with the story of the Church in Holland and Norway should convince any of us of exactly what lies in store for the Church of God in case the pagan invaders take over. To go to war, even for such an aim, is one of the saddest things this generation has to do; even sadder and far more disgraceful and unchristian would be to hand over the Church of God and the faith of our fathers to certain destruction, without an effort—however bloody—to protect it and hand it down to our children. There stands *Christian Herald*: God helping us, we can do no other.

War Again

Dear Editor:

How much do you save by putting only one staple in the binding of *Christian Herald*, and barely fastening the back on at all? By the time one person has read it, it has almost fallen to pieces. It would not be so bad if we didn't have to turn to the back to finish the articles. . . If you need so much advertising space, why not gather all the ads together in one place in the back? . . . The advertisers might not like it, but . . .

Dade City, Mich.

Lulu May Eyre

• We loathe that one staple, too, but. . . *C'est la guerre!* It is the war. We'd pay gladly for two, three staples, but we can't get them for the duration. Last week we opened our copy of a great national secular magazine, and we found it in pieces before we could read a word of it!

About putting the ads all in the same place: if we did that, we'd have no advertisers. And if we had no advertisers, you'd have no *Christian Herald*. If we could arrange somehow for an endowment fund of about

ten million dollars, we'd gladly throw out all the ads. But until then. . .

Attention, Mr. Adamic

Dear Editor:

I have just read Mr. Adamic's article, "Comes The Future" (May issue). I only read the beginning, and that was enough to see that he thinks that God and the United States are one and the same. . . I am surprised that *CHRISTIAN HERALD* would print anything like that, (for) *CHRISTIAN HERALD* knows that it is not true. . .

Jasper, Minn.

M. O. Hanson

Dear Editor:

I have read "Comes The Future" by Louis Adamic, and after reading it, I thought to myself, "This article is timely and practical and reveals a Christian vision for world-wide conduct in the approaching future. In short, I have been waiting for this kind of world plan, for the kind of understanding which Mr. Adamic reveals in his article. If only each Christian would help, if only in some small way, to bring about this plan for world order!"

Milford, N. H.

Everett W. Davis

• It seems unfair to judge any man's article by reading only "the beginning"; there is no more justice in doing that than there is in judging a preacher's whole sermon by the first sentence. We didn't get the idea that Mr. Adamic feels that "God and the United States are one"; he seemed more of a citizen of the whole world than most writers. We knew, of course, that there would be discussion over "Comes The Future"; that's why we ran it. It is healthy discussion, coming as it does before the war is over. Incidentally, there is at the University of Virginia right now a campus filled with young people who are preparing themselves with government aid, to follow out much of the Adamic plan.

Thanks anyway, both you readers, for your thoughtfulness in writing.

Wilmington . . .

• With all due respect to Mr. Lincoln, the editors report that you can't fool *CHRISTIAN HERALD*'s subscribers any of the time. In the June issue, in the article on Madame Chiang Kai-shek (page 19) we had Charles J. Soong attending church in Wilmington, Delaware, instead of in Wilmington, North Carolina. Our apologies to North Carolina, and this public correction in lieu of personal answers to our readers' letters.

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Get relief from the maddening itching, burning and soreness of simple piles or hemorrhoids—with *Unguentine Rectal Cones*—made by the makers of famous *Unguentine*.

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Guarantee: Your druggist will refund your full purchase price if you are not satisfied.

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The liver should pour out about two pints of liquid bile into the food you swallow every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these 2 pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Get a package today. Take as directed. Effective in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills, 10¢ and 25¢.

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Take orders before. "Super Value Victory Line" 20 Beautiful Designs 50 for \$1. to 25 for \$1.25. Name Imprinted. Sell Nationally Famous Christmas Cards \$1. Costs 30¢ to 40¢. Birth \$2.85. Extra Novel, Picturesque, Unique, Original, Fancy, Glitter, Currier & Ives, Glitter Boxes, Gift Wraps, Religious, Everyday, 21 Ass'ts on approval. FREE SAMPLES OF Super Sunshine Art Studios, 115 Fulton St., Dept. CH, New York City

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

419 Fourth Ave., Desk 73, New York, N. Y.

SILENT PARTNERS

(Continued from page 27)

lowing through with those we help? So often we give only to get rid of the bothersome begging. How far will we go in forgiveness? To seven times, or to seventy times seven? How long will we continue to believe in a person whom others have given up as hopeless? I know a home that is happy today because a patient wife kept believing there was a vein of gold in a husband whom others considered a complete washout.

In August 1913, Ambassador Walter Hines Page wrote from London to Colonel House: "Somebody needs to do something. If we could find some friendly use for these navies and armies and kings and things—in the service of humanity—they'd follow us. We ought to find a way to use them in cleaning up the tropics for the good of tropical people, and nobody to annex a foot of land. Then they'd quit sitting on their haunches and growling at one another." But alas, the tragedy is that we find no challenging use of our national manpower in peace. As Mr. Hoover once said, "We must wage peace as men have hitherto waged war."

And what about the depth of these silent partnerships of life? I think now of a most devoted wife who is so shallow in her understanding that she is steadily weakening the character and effectiveness of her life partner. Is our partnership deep enough in its understanding, to withhold from our loved one the immediate wish if thereby we can insure the larger work? Is our affection deep enough to cut with a kindly surgery when nothing less will remove the cause of evil? Is our charity deep enough to hide the gift lest the act of giving may hurt the receiver? Is our partnership so deeply understanding that it can be silent when emotions lie too deep for words, when we can sit down with a kindred spirit in some hour of sorrow and deep calleth unto deep?

And how high are these silent partnerships of ours? The pages of the Bible repeatedly tell of personalities who felt the air to be filled with their invisible allies. Is that only poetic fancy or imagery? Well, some day when I feel equal to it I am going to deliver a sermon on guardian angels, for I believe that we human creatures become so earthbound that we are oblivious to the silent invisible partners who are available to guide and guard us. And who are these? Oh, they are in part the winged messengers who come to us from out the chambers of memory. Yes, and then our absent loved ones also minister to us as guardian angels by being with us in spirit and thereby exerting the subtle pressure of their influence. Yes, and then I believe we can have far greater fellowship with those we "have loved long since and lost awhile." As Jesus said, "God is not the God of the dead but of the living," and if we seek contact with our departed loved ones through God rather than through some money-making spiritualistic medium, we can have a very real sense of their continuing comradeship. Yes, and above all we can have a living awareness of silent partnership with God himself, and like Moses we too can "endure as seeing Him who is invisible."

PAGE 55 • CHRISTIAN HERALD JULY 1943

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After All!

NONSENSE DESERVES ITS PLACE IN THE SUN



His Death Was Fatal

Teacher: "In what battle did General Wolfe cry: 'I die happy!'"

Student: "I think it was his last battle."

—*Brooklyn Central.*

Red—Like the Barber's Face

Barber: "Was your tie red when you came in here?"

Patron: "No, it wasn't."

Barber: "Gosh!"

—*Exchange.*

Not Fussy

Customer: "Do you serve crabs here?"

Waiter: "Certainly. We serve anyone. Sit down."

—*Our Mission Work.*

Which Fork?

A man and wife, hiking in the woods, suddenly realized they had lost their way. Said the husband: "I wish Emily Post were here with us—I think we took the wrong fork."

—*Milwaukee Medical Times*

Self-Accusation

"My wife has been nursing a grouch all week."

"Been laid up, have you?"

—*Boys' Industrial School Journal.*

Henry! The Flit

Friend: "Did you fish with flies?"

Returning Camper: "Fish with them? We fished with them, camped with them, ate with them and slept with them."

—*Watchword.*

Not So Ducky

First Farmer: "That duck of yours looks worried."

Second Farmer: "I don't blame him. I got a big bill starin' me in the face, an' I'm worried, too."

—*Exchange.*

No Rehearsal

"Pardon me a moment, please," said the dentist to the patient, "but before beginning this work, I must have my drill."

"Good gracious, man!" exclaimed the patient, "can't you pull a tooth without a rehearsal?"

—*Presbyterian Advance.*

The Pied Piper

Briffiths was the father of 12 children and he decided to take them all to the seaside. They set off, reached the station, got their tickets, and were about to enter the train, when the proud parent was stopped by a policeman.

"What have you been doing?" the constable demanded.

"Me? Why nothing!" stammered the surprised man.

The policeman waved his hand toward the family.

"Then why," he asked, "is this crowd following you?"

—*Kablegram.*

Mistaken Identity

Bystander—Look at that youngster—the one with cropped hair, and trousers. Is it a boy or girl?

War Worker—It's a girl; she's my daughter.

Bystander—My dear sir, do forgive me, I would never have been so outspoken if I'd known you were her father.

War Worker—I'm not—I'm her mother.

—*Watchman-Examiner.*

Who's Right?

Tommy: "Father, my Sunday-school teacher says, if I'm good I'll go to heaven."

Father: "Well?"

Tommy: "Well you said if I were good I'd go to the circus; now, I want to know who's telling the truth."

—*Boys' Industrial School Journal.*

Free Postage

Sharp received a letter from his friend McTavish which bore no stamp, and he had to pay postage. The letter concluded: "You will be delighted to hear I am enjoying the best of health, old chap. Yours, McTavish."

Sharp then wrapped up a large stone, and without paying postage, sent it to McTavish with the following note: "This great weight rolled off my mind when I read your good news."

—*Watchword.*

According To Orders

Out for a drive in her pony-cart, an elderly lady managed to get involved in some army maneuvers. As she approached a bridge a sentry stopped her.

"Sorry, madam," he said, "you can't cross this bridge. It's just been destroyed."

The old lady peered at it through her spectacles.

"It looks all right to me," she murmured. Then, as another soldier came along, she asked:

"Excuse me, but can you tell me what's wrong with this bridge?"

The soldier shook his head.

"Don't ask me, lady," he replied. "I've been dead two days."

—*Kablegram.*

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So you're going to THE MOVIES

(A GUIDE TO CURRENT FILMS PREPARED BY INDEPENDENT FILMSCORES.)

MY FRIEND FLICKA (Fox). Rita Johnson, Roddy MacDowall, Preston Foster. Drama about a day-dreaming boy and his "growing up" through devotion to a wild, unpopular colt entrusted to him for care and training . . . Ranch background; shots of tame and wild horses are done in technicolor. Delightful; excellent for the whole family.

THIS LAND IS MINE (RKO). Charles Laughton, Una O'Connor, Maureen O'Hara, Walter Slezak, Kent Smith. Drama of Nazi occupation in French town, centering on timid schoolteacher, afraid to face life or his place in it, who rises to grandeur; delivers courtroom oration on the rights of man that loses him a chance to save his life . . . An interesting study in personality, with effort to go deeper than the surface in evaluating conditions of capitulation, far superior to black-and-whiteness of frequent melodramas on similar theme. Convincingly interpreted.

CABIN IN THE SKY (MGM). Duke Ellington and Orchestra, "Rochester," Rex Ingram, Ethel Waters. Musical. All-Negro cast. Negroes in ecstatic revivals, night-club orgies, etc. Whole show is in poor taste.

EDGE OF DARKNESS (Warner). Judith Anderson, Errol Flynn, Ann Sheridan, Walter Huston. Melodrama. Shambles results when Norwegian town arms secretly, rises in western-movie style to murder Nazi garrison, suffers almost total extermination. Of all "occupied nations films," this is the most brutal; approaches the "beast of Berlin" type of propaganda. Misinterprets Norwegian resistance. Sadistic, overdone.

DESERT VICTORY (Official British film). Documentary shots by British film units during 8th Army pursuit of the Germans after El Alamein. This is the most authentic record of actual combat in all its horrors yet released. Coherent, graphic, revealing.

BEST CURRENT FILMS

For The Family: My Friend Flicka, In Which We Serve, Bambi, Journey For Margaret, The Pied Piper.

For Mature Audiences: Casablanca, Keeper of the Flame, The Moon Is Down, My Sister Eileen, The Talk of The Town, Gentleman Jim, George Washington Slept Here, Random Harvest, The Commandos Strike At Dawn, Shadow of a Doubt.

Not Recommended (By CHRISTIAN HERALD) Hi Ya, Chum (inane but harmless). Lady of Burlesque (sordid background, unsavory characters, dull). Diary of a Nazi (brutal, hate-inspiring). Du Barry Was A Lady (ribald, only fairly entertaining).

and I promised Mom —

WHO would have thought you'd be a deserter from a dustmop . . . when Mom's counting on you? When your country's counting on you? . . .

As Mom explained—it's girls like you taking on "homework" who release a whole army of mothers for rolling bandages and selling war bonds and driving drill presses.

That's how important you are . . . but look at you now! Wondering why you're different from other girls who manage to do their part every day of the month.

Because if they can whisk through dusting and dishes . . . then dash out for a late "skate-date" . . . so can you!

How? . . . well, why not learn their secret? See for yourself how many girls simply shrug their shoulders and say it's no secret at all . . . it's just that Kotex sanitary napkins give more comfort!



Keep your promises — and your dates!

Actually, it's because Kotex is made to stay soft while wearing . . . a far cry from pads that only feel soft at first touch. None of that snowball sort of softness that packs hard under pressure.

And when you're truly comfortable, your confidence goes zooming! You'll see pesky little worries vanish because Kotex has flat, pressed ends! And remember—no other leading brand offers this patented feature—ends that don't show because they're not stubby.

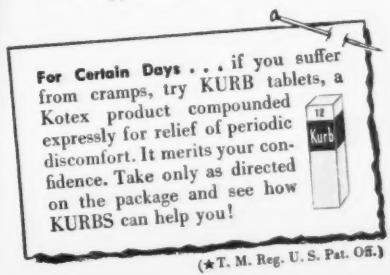
Then, for your added protection, Kotex has a 4-ply safety center. And—no wrong side to cause accidents!

So now you know how to join the Keep-Going Corps. And why more women choose Kotex than all other brands of pads put together!

Keep going in comfort—with Kotex!



TIPS FOR TEENS! What every girl should know about what to do and not to do on trying days is contained in the bright little booklet "As One Girl To Another". Write today to P. O. Box 3434, Dept. CH-7, Chicago, for a copy FREE!



For Certain Days . . . if you suffer from cramps, try KURB tablets, a Kotex product compounded expressly for relief of periodic discomfort. It merits your confidence. Take only as directed on the package and see how KURBS can help you!

(★ T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

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There must be a reason

WHY BOB JONES COLLEGE STUDENTS RECOGNIZE AND CHOOSE THE BEST

Bob Jones College, which stands for the "old-time religion" and the absolute authority of the Bible, offers courses leading to Bachelor of Arts and Bachelor of Science degrees, and in the Graduate School of Religion courses leading to the Master of Arts degree. Beginning with the school year 1943-44, courses leading to the Doctor of Philosophy degree will also be offered in the field of religion.



If you can attend college for only one or two years before entering the service of your country, we strongly advise your coming to Bob Jones College for this year or two of character preparation and intellectual and spiritual training so essential now.

If you are still in high school, we advise you to come to the Bob Jones College Academy (a four-year, fully-accredited high school) for special Christian training before you enter upon your military service.

*Piano, Violin, Voice, Pipe Organ, Speech, and Art
without additional cost
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